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VOL. IV.—No. 167. MANCHESTER, Saturday, OCTOBER 21st. PRICE ONE PENNY.

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[HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.]

REDDISH VALE AND ARDEN HALL.

"HOW one must enjoy the charm and the repose of these natural beauties after leaving the mill and the counting house," says M. Taine, speaking of the park at Bowdon, with its "magnificent trees, fine turf, and herds of tame deer lying amid the ferns." The visit of the philosophic Frenchman to this "Babel of bricks," as he calls it, seems to have left on his mind the impression that we want a great deal more than we have of what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "sweetness and light," which, to a great extent, is doubtless true. Things, however, are not quite so bad as they are represented in M. Taine's lugubrious picture. The park at Bowdon is by no means the only place of refuge for we city folk, though he seems to regard it as such. To him who cares to look for it, there is, in the city's neighbourhood, almost every variety of natural beauty to be found within the compass of a Saturday afternoon's ramble in summer. We have endeavoured in these pages to point out a few such available pleasures, and would now add to the list another, modest enough in its nature, but nevertheless not undeserving notice.

In years gone by Reddish Vale was one of our favourite haunts, but of late we had seen little of it. A bright autumn day, with a tender, pensive grace about it, suggestive of old memories and associations, tempted us to sally out and revisit the scene of our former rambles. We found it, alas, bearing marks of change and decay, but still retaining sufficient traces of its former beauty to render it attractive.

Reddish lies to the east of the Stockport Road, between Levenshulme and Heaton Chapel. Our point of departure from this road is at the Midway House, which we have reached by omnibus. Here is a lane which skirts the edge of the famous Nico, or Devil's Ditch, made by the Saxons to withstand the invading Danes. Proceeding along this lane to Yew Tree Cottage, and then by a field path in continuation, still by the ditch, we go until we have passed a print works with a tall chimney and reservoirs fringed by willows, and then, bearing to the right across the field, come to Sandfold, a cluster of cottages on the banks of the canal. Here, in the garden of a cottage by the bridge, is a magnificent specimen of the prickly "monkey tree," well worth looking at. Crossing the canal we turn down Reddish Lane to the right to Fir Tree Farm, an old house bearing a date in the commencement of the last century; then taking the field path opposite come to Mill Lane end, which forms the entrance to Reddish Vale. Hitherto the country has been flat, with green fields dotted by farm houses, and here and there a mill, but now it has more variety, being undulating, well wooded, and with hills in the background. The railway crosses the lane, and, standing in front of the archway and looking through it we get a perfect little gem of landscape, consisting of a strip of valley filled with trees, out of which peep a cluster of white cottages, with blue smoke curling from the chimneys among the foliage. The trees rise in varied and undulating masses on the banks and in the hollows of the rising ground, and above them is a belt of clear sky, the tints of which are rendered softer by being seen through the dark walls of the bridge. We never pass this spot without a considerable halt to enjoy the beauty of the scene. At the near end of the vale is a print works of considerable magnitude, the extensions and improvements of which have of late sadly interfered with the picturesque attractions of the place.

Passing a row of cottages and some water lodges with poplars on their banks, we strike up a green lane between high hedges of hawthorn, and descend into the valley through a copsewood. Through the broad flat water meadows between the wooded heights the river Tame winds by banks, where

> Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
> Little breezes dusk and shiver
> Thro' the wave that runs for ever.

This wood on the left, which slopes down to the greensward in tangled undergrowth of brambles, is in the spring time a natural garden of hyacinths, anemones, violets, and primroses. Indeed, the whole vale, as Mr. Grindon has pointed out, is rich in botanical treasures. The flowers are gone now, but there is rich colour from decaying leaves which blends and harmonizes with the tender venetian light. Pursuing our way we get sight of the grey tower of Arden Hall, standing out among the trees on a high bank above the river. Emerging from the vale at its farther end we come out upon a group of houses known as Castle Hill, which stand in the rear of the hall. Here, in memory of auld lang syne, we stay for awhile at Mrs. Ingham's, and take a cup of liquor in the little alehouse where in former days we have had served up to us famous teas. Rounding the hill by a road which takes us to the other side of the valley we reach the hall. It is a ruined specimen of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, the date of its erection being 1578. It is at present flanked by two whitewashed farm houses with tall chimneys. In Ormerod's *Cheshire* there is a sketch of it by De Wint, which shows it to have been originally in the shape of the letter H, with three projecting gables in the front and a round watch-tower in the rear. Little is left of it now beyond the watch-tower and the centre gable with a sun dial, and the nearly obliterated arms of the Ardens upon it. Judging from the rapidity with which it has gone to decay during the last few years, it will not be long before it disappears altogether. When last we saw it there were the remains of a fine room, with mullioned windows and a richly ornamented ceiling, with bosses and pendants. Within half a century this room showed wainscotted walls with portraits of More, Sir K. Digby, Cromwell, Charles II., Mrs. Lane (who assisted Charles after his flight from Worcester), and James II. These are all gone, scarcely a vestige beyond the fire place being left of the room. Gone too is the ladies' gallery overlooking the steep height, with the wood and river and vale below. In the rear of the hall are two old yews that may once have formed part of the garden, and in the dry moat is an orchard of fruit trees.

The place has belonged to the Ardens since King John's time, but it is a moot point whether they gave it a name or derived one from it. Ard-dene is a British name for a high or great forest. Whitaker says the forest of Arden extended from here to Manchester, and that the name has originated in this way, a suggestion, which with others of the same historian, Ormerod lightly treats as fanciful. That there was such a forest is not unlikely however, though it is not to be confounded with the forest wherein the melancholy Jaques wandered. That Arden lies between the Severn and Trent. In the old church at Stockport are tombs of the Ardens, and on a pillar of the south aisle is a mural monument erected by his wife to Sir John Ardern, who died at the commencement of last century. The tablet contains a quaint and lengthy record of his many social virtues. Beneath the monument is the court sword of the worthy baronet. Smoking our pipe and loitering about among the fallen beams and crumbling stones that lie in the grass grown chambers, it is pleasant in imagination to replace those stones and beams, and fill the deserted rooms with their perished inmates and furniture. It must have been a pleasant place in days of yore this grey gabled house with its garden within the moat, perched above the hanging woods, and with a look-out from its watch tower down the sylvan vale, and to the green slopes of the hills uncontaminated yet by factory chimney or colliery shaft. It is remarkable the interest one feels in these decaying relics of past generations, and the regret with which one sees them falling away. In his *Fors Clavigera* Mr. Ruskin lately

said that one reason why he did not visit America was, that he could not exist for two months in a country which had no ruined castles. Pleading for the conservation of the ruins of his own country, he very pertinently remarked that were Warwick Castle destroyed it would serve no useful purpose, and would not make his house one whit pleasanter. After all, as he has said, the glory of a building is in its age, "in its voicefulness of stern watching of mysterious sympathy which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in this quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing face of the earth, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, that we look for the real light and colour and preciousness of these old places." Recommending the old lady who has charge of the place to take care of what remains for the sake of the harvest of pence which it yields her, we pass out over the moat and round through a fine wood of trees with lofty boles, through which the low sun sends a flood of rich colour. From the wood we drop down again into the vale, which we traverse by the opposite side from that by which we came. Near the printworks we note that man, the great destroyer of natural beauty, is at work in the shape of a number of navvies, busy as ants on the hill sides, among prostrate timber and mounds of earth, which means that they are constructing a railway across the valley, which, however useful, will certainly not improve its appearance.

THE BISHOP AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

A LITTLE while ago and perhaps the most popular man with "the masses" was Professor Huxley. The apparent thoroughness of the "man of evolution" fascinated the *oi polloi*, and so, without exactly knowing why, they elected him one of their gods. The Bishop of Manchester has changed all this, and now, of all bishops and all men, he is pre-eminently the Ambrose of the people. Our bishops as a rule are mistrusted by working and even middle-class men, so few of them bear the outward and visible signs of genuineness. The Archbishop of York is popular up to a certain point and then his influence ends. The Archbishop looks and is artificial. Simple faith will ever be better than Norman blood, but His Grace of York is neither well bred enough nor yet vulgar enough to be a leader of men. The Bishop of Winchester is too clever and has too much of the odour of Court to be trusted. Bishop Temple is a schoolmaster bishop, and a schoolroom has always been held to be the worst training ship for a bishop to have worked in. Besides no one looks upon the Bishop of Exeter as a churchman, though he undoubtedly is one. The Bishop of Manchester cannot help becoming popular and beloved simply for this reason—he cannot change his nature. *Amare et amari* is the motto indelibly graven on his life.

Church Congresses have been sneered at and very sharply handled by the critics, whose office it is to cut up such things, yet there an be no doubt that they are productive of much good, and we are certainly indebted to this last one for bringing the Bishop of Manchester to the fore. His opening sermon, his address to the working men, and his final speech on simplicity of life, were all equally forcible and remarkable. The sermon was a fine appeal to his own order. The Bishop evidently sees that, in order to reach the people, he must first of all reach and reform the clergy. In the Church of England vocation has well nigh died out, and profession has taken its place. While it has been almost in the nature of things that this should have been the case, the clergy individually and as a class are to blame, and must bear to be told of mis-failings. Theoretically each clergyman has most solemnly vowed to devote himself to the winning of souls, and with this object in view to spend and be spent; moreover, in making the engagement, the penalties consequent on the non-fulfilment of his vows were brought prominently and awfully forward. Practically our clergy look upon themselves as the *elite* of society, and grudgingly perform the least amount of personal labour compatible with bare decency, and the lukewarm requirements of a select and equally lukewarm collection of animate decencies yclept congregations. With the exception of a few notable men, our clergy, especially the town clergy, have no mental hold on the people. They are tolerated for respectability's sake by a section of the middle classes, and, through want of sympathy, suspected by the lowest. Can a church be pointed out in Manchester in which the congregation is ever so slightly composed of its parishioners of the working class? The working class do not and will not go to church until the clergy identify themselves with them and with their wants. After being systematically turned out of church for centuries the present state of affairs cannot be wondered at. Personally and unaided the Bishop of Manchester has done much towards turning the fast ebbing tide, but, unless the clergy become equally self-denying and hard-working, what can he do?

By some the Bishop's sermon has been condemned as Erastian. We read it otherwise. Judging by a very High-Church standard we do not believe there is a higher Churchman than the Bishop of Manchester on the Bench, but his very confidence in the truth and divine mission of his church and churchmanship enables him to hold and practise charity as the chiefest of virtues. They that are whole have no need of a physician, and before wrangling with the sects our Bishop would bring in these who are outside all sects and all folds and guiding those who have no shepherds. There are sins and Bishop Fraser has far greater sins than sectarianism, which, after all, is generally educational and accidental rather than wilful. The Bishop believes in the right of private judgment, though at the same time he himself holds his church-judgment superior to that of individuals. We wonder the objectors to the Bishop's recognition of the self-evident good wrought by the sects do not call to mind the rebuke given by our Lord to those apostles who came complaining that others were casting out devils in His name.

If the clergy and the laity will only read and re-read, and then act upon the advice given at the Church Congress, a far happier state of things will soon be brought about. Above all let them deeply consider the elasticity of mind, men, and ritual the bishop would encourage. Elasticity is not a synomyn for laxity, and assuredly dwelling-houses at the sea-side and lodgings in the parish will not be the order of the day with those who range themselves on the bishop's side. We Manchester men, with our deserted churches and our deserted parishes, know well what the bishop was thinking about when he sighed for more power to enforce clerical discipline.

At the Cathedral the last restorations have been carried out on a far more honest plan than any of the former ones. The old tinsel stone has been re-used occasionally, and the reign of sham and stucco seems over. We accept this as a good omen of what the future of the Cathedral staff will be. Too long, as in the building around them, has sham and gingerbread occupied the place of real stone. Even when a bit of genuine work occasionally forced its way through, immediately on discovery it was ruthlesaly battered and reduced to the same dead level as the rest. A commencement of change in this immense diocese—the largest in England—has been made at the Cathedral. If carried out in its integrity, the example, we hope, will leaven the whole lump, and, at any rate, be an augury of a thorough change elsewhere.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents who desire the return of unaccepted communications should enclose stamps for the postage. Orders for copies of the *Sphinx* and back numbers should be addressed to the Publisher and not to the Editor.

No notice can be taken, in the Number for each current week, of any communication received later than Wednesday morning.

BRITISH MUSEUM

MANCHESTER ARCHITECTURE.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY NAME.

The Gesu Church, in the Oxford Road, which was opened on Sunday last, is undoubtedly the finest ecclesiastical edifice in Manchester, and yet we are not very happy in our specimens of church architecture. The Gesu Church is so good and so nearly noble that the very little it falls short of perfection only inclines us to be less sparing of blame. In the first place, for its height and breadth it is much too short. This shortness has been premeditated, from the fact that the chancel wall does not touch the street by which the east end is bounded by many yards. The extra cost entailed would have been a mere nothing in so grand a work. Again, nothing can be advanced in favour of the size, quality, and nature of the stones with which the external walls have been built. Rock-faced stone is altogether out of place in this nineteenth century Gothic work. It does not, and never will, harmonize with the wrought and moulded stone work, and it distracts the eye until it becomes absolutely painful to look at the walls. All repose is lost, and a building so built can never calm down.

Still criticizing the building externally, we would find fault with the general meagre vulgarity of the details, all of which seem to lack strength. At certain points certain good effects are gained, but the infirmity and poverty of the ornamental details force themselves on the attention at every turn. Those views are the most striking in which the eye is not able to take in the whole building at once. When the whole building is taken in at once its humped-backedness is absolutely monstrous, and we can compare the *tout ensemble* of the exterior to an American *petite belle* bedecked and bedizened within her meretricious ball dress and ornaments. General efforts are not worth much unless their component parts will bear examination also. Compare the chancel of the Gesu with the chancel of St. Michael's, Coventry, and an instinctive perception of our meaning will at once be conveyed.

Internally, so beautiful and pleasing is the effect, as are also all the details, that all sins of omission and commission with respect to the externis are at once forgiven. Much as we dislike organ galleries, even their existence could be tolerated were they only treated in the deft manner in which this has been. Now, the gallery is as much part and parcel of the church, and of the beauty thereof, as is the Sanctuary, and it could not be well spared. Generally, the organ-loft is a huge excrescence, which fills up one-third of the nave, while the organ, as a rule, hides the only decent window. Melrose Abbey is said to have given the key to much of the internal treatment, and we can only wish Melrose would inspire many of our cathedrals. The walls and the vaulting is composed of terra-cotta tiles, plain or diapered, and their yellow tone is very pleasing and effective. Like the gallery, the confessionals are part and parcel of the church itself. So the Gesu will never be compared with the sepulchre-like lamps met with in other Roman Catholic churches. The abundant tracery which everywhere meets the eye must impress everyone with the fairy Gothic charm; and so long as the back is kept to the west end, the sense of shortness is lost in immensity. When the stained windows are inserted the effect will be superb indeed. Indeed so good and so grand is the interior that here again we quarrel with the architect for not giving us more of it, but let anyone fancy what would have been the effect had the interior been cut to bits by the excresences of the ultra-well-faced parpoint! The interior kills the exterior. The dimensions of the church are very great. From the west to the chancel arch is 125 feet. The height of the nave is 75 feet; the transept is 117 feet by 27 feet, and the sanctuary, with the ambulatory, is 49 feet 6 inches, giving a total internal length of 172 feet 6 inches.

Taken for all in all, the Church of the Holy Name must be welcomed as a great work. Attractive it will always be, and if beauty in architecture be really an aid to devotion, the beauty of the Gesu must encircle all with its incense the moment they enter its walls. The use of terra cotta deserves imitation, and, if we mistake not, has already been adopted in our new Town Hall.

THE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

I. FIGURES AND PORTRAITS.

IN speaking of this exhibition in former years we have been able to award the highest praise to at least two or three pictures, as being of the best and noblest class of work, both in regard to style and importance of subject. This time, however, we regret to be obliged to say there appears to be no one picture deserving the epithet "monumental." There is nothing in this year's exhibition that at all equals the *Evening Hymn*, the *Catapult*, Madox Brown's *Elijah*, or F. Shield's *Solomon Eagle* of former years. Apart from the last pictures (of which we shall speak hereafter) the collection is even lower in quality than ever, and it is hopeless to seek again for the cause of the continued failures on the part of the Royal Institution to induce the best artists, even those whom Manchester may still claim as her own by virtue of their having been once resident, to exhibit their works.

The present exhibition (apart from loans) consists almost entirely of tentative efforts, or inferior specimens of the worst styles of Art. There is no intention in these remarks to slight younger painters or their works; these should be welcome everywhere; but to them an exhibition will be valueless, in an artistic point of view, if they have not the opportunity of contrasting their productions, as they hang on the walls, with those of the best painters. An exhibition in which the fifth-rate is the best is worse than no exhibition at all, for, as the fifth-rate looks first-rate by comparison, so all inferior rates assume a place in proportion, and the result is injurious equally to the visitor and to the contributor, and in spite of the liberality of collectors this year there is not even one picture so thorough in intention, conception, and execution as to afford a fairly high key by which to judge the mass of works that cover the walls of the Royal Institution.

Of all the paintings and drawings we select as the most complete in every way Mr. Shield's *After the Storming* (318). It is a noble attempt to illustrate the pathetic and painful side of warfare, and, as such, is successful. So it would be were it produced merely in black and white, but Mr. Shields has, by his skilful art, produced a powerful and poetic picture. The composition is admirable, and more perfect, as far as arrangement of form and colour goes, than anything Mr. Shields has ever exhibited in Manchester. The difficulties to be overcome must have been enormous, and, moreover, the "horrors" inevitable in such a scene are, though not shirked, veiled so carefully that they have to be sought for. It is not too much to say that very few painters could have treated this subject realistically as Mr. Shields has, without being tempted to dwell too much on the agony side. *A Song of Spring* (349) is not so satisfactory. It contains beautiful workmanship, careful drawing, and the motive is essentially poetic, but it fails for want of beauty, or perhaps "style." The face of the girl is very pleasing, though a little over-ecstatic, but the arms, and especially the hands, are not beautiful, and detract seriously from the value of what is very nearly a very fine work.

Of another kind of art is Mr. Richmond's *Bowl Players* (46), a picture purely decorative in design and painting. In it realism, as far as effect of the out-of-door light, for instance, is concerned, is sacrificed when necessary to the general decorative quality, but the drawing is always insisted upon, and the composition of the many figures, and the entire arrangement of form in a given—and, in this case, peculiar shaped—space is very agreeable. There are far too few works of the kind now-a-days, and the amount of labour required to produce them is not sufficiently recognized. It is comparatively a light task to paint a costume picture, in which uncertain drawing is easily disguised by heavy draperies, after the manner of too many painters, compared with work like Mr. Richmond's, in which every figure has to be accurately drawn, and every line and point of colour

carefully considered. Of course there are many faults to be found in the *Bowl Players*, but, nevertheless, it is a pleasure to meet with pictures in which the decorative side of Art is studied so earnestly and effectively as in this case.

As a great contrast to Mr. Richmond's picture, are two rather large watercolours by A. Bouvier (230 and 276). Why they should be so well and prominently hung is hard to understand, for besides a certain innocent absence of anything worth calling show, the figures are badly drawn, composed, and painted, and they are only noticed in consequence of the importance given them by the hanging committee.

In the same room is hung a peculiar picture by S. Stanhope, *The White Rabbit* (331). Like all this artist's works, the colour is most charming, but the composition is crowded and confused. Divided down the centre we have two beautiful pictures. As it is at present, the absence of beauty of form is too apparent.

The place of honour, in the first room, is occupied by a large coarse picture by John Gilbert, *Convocation of Clergy* (85). It is terribly clever, almost to brutality, and the heads have some clever expressions thrown into them, but even they are almost inside the bounds of caricature.

Most carefully wrought out in all its details, well and solidly painted, and withal a most ugly picture, is *The Surrender of the Emperor* (168), by T. Wade. It is a pity such exceedingly fine workmanship should not have been devoted to some higher intention. It is so strong that it is certainly very rough on its flimsy neighbour, *Sad Tidings from the Seat of War* (167), by T. F. Marshall, a weakly-painted picture of the domestically-sentimental school.

The portraits this year have been placed in the fourth room, which is a very excellent arrangement on the part of the hanging committee. First in importance, at any rate as far as size is concerned, is *Pius the Ninth*, by G. P. A. Healy, a very powerful, well-drawn picture, painted in a large masculine manner, and the action simple and dignified. W. Percy's full length of Alderman Willert (594) needs but little notice. It is, perhaps, the best portrait Mr. Percy has ever painted, and no one who sees it need be told that the likeness, in face and attitude, is inimitable. Equally artistic, though not so important, are his other portraits (571 and 649) H. Measham is advancing with great rapidity. His work is very refined, and especially in his portraits of children, full of graceful and subtle expression. Of his three exhibited pictures (534), (602), and (585), the last is especially charming.

In his two pictures (589) and (598), C. A. Duval shows his usual artistic feeling and expression. The remaining portraits call for no particular notice, they are much like what we have seen often before from the several artists.

A CLERGYMAN'S TENDER MERCIES.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a defence of the Rev. James Fuge, vicar of Over Peover, near Knutsford, whose arraignment before the petty justices for his treatment of two horses was commented upon in our Town Talk last week. The correspondent signs himself "Justice," but does not give his name, and as he brings a serious charge against one of the magistrates, we are unable, in view of the law of libel, to print his communication. The only quotable sentence is the following:—"You are right in supposing the report of Mr. Fuge's appearance before the magistrates might be incorrect. It was so. The evidence of the only veterinary surgeon examined showed distinctly that the horse died from an overdose of green oats. The man whose evidence you quote was no veterinary surgeon at all. The whole case was trumped up by a dismissed servant of Mr. Fuge's, and seems to have been eagerly taken up by his enemies (of which he has enough and to spare), who are far more tender over the remains of an old mare with a bad digestion than the feelings of their fellow-creatures."

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MISS FAUCIT'S FAREWELL VISIT TO MANCHESTER.

MISS HELEN FAUCIT is to make her farewell appearance in Manchester next month. The engagement will extend over a fortnight, commencing on Monday the 13th, and ending on Saturday the 25th of November; but she will only appear thrice each week, or six times in all. For more reasons than one this final leave-taking will take place in the Theatre-Royal. It is the scene of the distinguished actress's former triumphs in Manchester, and it is, moreover, the theatre of the largest capacity. Big as it is, it will be inadequate, we imagine, to the demands made upon it on the forthcoming occasion.

"FUN" AND FOLLY.

The periodical called *Fun* may be known to some of our readers for the flatness of its jokes and the exceeding feebleness of its pictures. *Fun* used to be the best of the comic papers—better than *Punch;* but the talents of its best contributors having been discovered and drafted off into other departments of literary work—notably the dramatic—it has sunk down to the lowest of low ebbs. When it confines itself to its proper province it is bad enough, but when it travels into the domain of seriousness, which it is very fond of doing, it becomes contemptible. A poor old woman recently died of starvation, because she was too proud to go to the workhouse, whereupon this precious philosopher incontinently accuses the community of murdering her. Anything more absurd it is difficult to imagine. Certainly her death was very melancholy, but it was distinctly traceable to her own conduct, and to that exclusively. We are not disposed to blame the poor old woman for her little pride, but certainly to lay the consequences of that pride upon the public is most silly. And the remedy which *Fun* prescribes for such cases as these is perfectly outrageous. Indiscriminate almsgiving is to be the panacea. What makes paupers is, according to *Fun*, to put an end to poverty. Give indiscriminately, says this woolly-headed *Fun*, although you know your alms will be forthwith handed over to the nearest publican. Such unblushing immorality is seldom inculcated. So long as the majority of people think and act like this—and they do—the labours of those who endeavour to ameliorate the wretched mass of poverty about us and amongst us are in vain. The noblest efforts that are made are more than counteracted by the foolishness of these weak-headed people. But one can expect no better from a professional jester. Punning has a relaxing effect upon the brain. These comic papers are alternately maudlin and bloodthirsty.

CELLAR DWELLINGS.

The Mayor of Manchester was surely in error when he stated at the Chicago meeting that we had no cellar dwellings. We have a great number. As a compromise between owners and corporations, we would suggest that all cellars which would be condemned by clause 254 of Mr. Adderley's proposed Public Health and Local Government Act should at once be closed voluntarily, and that all others should be put into the state of repair indicated by the same clause. By such a step much litigation and controversy might be avoided, and all cause of complaint against cellar-property owners removed.

DISGUSTING PLACARDS.

We had hoped that when the Siamese monstrosity had taken its "unpleasant-looking band" to other regions, we should be allowed a little respite from highly coloured representations of disagreeable freaks of nature on our walls and hoardings. It was not to be, however. The twins united by a band have been replaced by another pair of twins infinitely more horrible. The Two-headed Nightingale is the most dreadful *lusus naturæ* that has lately exhibited itself. It is very difficult to know what these unfortunate creatures should do, but it cannot be proper that they should make

a profit out of their mishap and advertise it everywhere. Another unseemly placard has been lately hanging in the windows of the lower class of beershops, proclaiming the presence amongst us of an individual still more unpleasantly notorious. It is highly creditable to the Manchester press that even pounds, shillings, and pence have been subordinated to their sense of decency, and an unwholesome entertainment has not been allowed to advertise itself in their columns.

SIMPLICITY OF LIFE.

At Nottingham, last week, the Bishop of Manchester made some remarks regarding extravagance of living, which cannot be too widely circulated, nor too highly commended. In the course of a discussion which arose upon a paper read by the Rev. W. Farrar, head-master of Marlborough School, on "The duty of the Church," Dr. Fraser earnestly entreated every one present, in their own station of life, to cultivate the restraint of their desires, and a more pure and refined simplicity of living. He feared that we were terribly losing sight of true refinement in the vulgar love of money, and what money could buy. Simplicity of life was his first maxim, and, in the next place, he entreated his hearers to "try to infuse themselves into the great social system to which they belonged." These simple but earnest unaffected words we commend to the consideration of our readers. The present extravagant mode of living is eating like a canker into the very core of society. Luxury, extravagance, and frivolity are but the forerunners of national disasters. The newly rich are the chief sinners in this respect, and too frequently give way to ostentatious display for the mere sake of social distinction. A great deal of the improvidence and extravagance of the lower classes is attributable to the class immediately above them. This is noticeable every day in the ridiculous love of dress, and the constant search after what is called pleasure. Complaints are constantly being made that good domestic servants can scarcely be obtained. The fact is, that they too frequently only follow the example of their mistresses. Look at most of the young ladies of the present day. What are they fit for? They do absolutely nothing, and do not even know how to cook the most simple food. However pleasant she may be to look at, it is absolutely pitiable to see a pretty, healthy, young woman who is utterly helpless and of no use whatever. When they marry and have children many of them cannot even teach their young children the first elements of education. The Bishop of Manchester, who is a Social Evangelist, told the working men at Nottingham that he himself wished to reduce his expenditure, and was looking out for a smaller house to live in. Certainly St. Luke's parsonage is not a very palatial residence for a Bishop, but as his Lordship is a man of few wants, and his only carriage and horses are his own legs, we hope his example will not be without its effect.

MANCHESTER AND THE PURIFICATION OF THE IRWELL.

Now that Salford has decided on constructing an intercepting sewer, is it not high time that Manchester should be doing something at least towards considering how she, too, may do her share in preventing the fouling of the Irwell? Irrigation is for us at present out of the question, but we know by what is being done at Bolton, Hastings, Crossness, and other places, that by mere filtration and precipitation sewage can be rendered practically clean and harmless. We think the Salford site is rather too near the town to be wholly unobjectionable, and we would advise Manchester to seek land a few miles lower down. In great works like these intercepting schemes, to be economical over a few extra miles of sewer is often penny wise and pound foolish.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES ANTHONY.

Probably no one in Manchester was more intimately connected with musical matters or more widely known in musical circles than Charles Anthony. He was for a long period chorus master at the Italian and English operas given in the Theatre Royal; was a successful, very successful, teacher both of vocal and instrumental music, and was connected with it in a score of other ways. Nor were his qualifications as a musical critic of an insignificant kind, and with a sound judgment was united that rarer quality in a critic, of merciful consideration for the feelings of those whom he could not honestly praise. A concert is to be given for the benefit of his children, and if only a fair proportion of those who have enjoyed the advantage of his professional knowledge, and who were acquainted with his burly figure and good-humoured countenance, and have experienced his genial and obliging disposition, attend the concert, it will be as pecuniarily successful as, from the programme, it promises to be in a professional point of view. The concert takes place on Monday next.

THE WAREHOUSE PEOPLE AND THE STREETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—In your last issue I was very glad to see, amongst "Things in General," that you call the attention of the Watch Committee and the police to the dangerous practice of dropping packages of goods from the upper storeys of warehouses into the street below. No doubt an adept can generally hit the bed of the lurry to a yard or so, but supposing the lurryman should happen to be occupying that spot for the moment? If, however, he is able to take care of himself, what right have owners of warehouses to endanger the limbs and lives of the public? And I have seen some very narrow escapes. But who amongst your readers has not been frightened almost out of his wits by the explosion-like sound of one of these parcels alighting within a few inches of his head? There is another intolerable nuisance committed by these warehouse people which, if not so dangerous in itself, is annoying to a greater number of persons. I allude to the practice of placing a plank across the footpath, by which to load or unload their goods. This thing has been practised at a great number of places in the city for years. Generally the plank is about four feet from the ground, and extends from the lurry, or cart, at the curb, to the warehouse door. This is too low for any to pass under except city arabs and errand boys, who, by the way, usually leap on to the plank and slip off on the other side; all else have to go into the crowded street, and round the vehicle, with a fair chance of getting crushed against it. This nuisance is regularly, and has been for years, perpetrated at a warehouse in High Street. I have seen hundreds of persons, including the policeman on the beat, turned into the street at this place. I witnessed an incident there some time ago which nearly led to a personal encounter. A rough and blackguard-like lurryman forced the plank across from the warehouse door to his vehicle so suddenly as to intercept persons in the act of passing. A gentleman, whose progress was so unceremoniously arrested, asked what right the lurryman had to place it there, and was answered by abuse, when he—the gentleman—deliberately pushed the plank off, and, as it lay on the flags, before it was replaced, above fifty persons passed over it, the energy required to re-erect it at once being exhausted in a volley of oaths! If the authorities *will* continue to permit these barriers to be erected in our crowded thoroughfares, I would advise all muscular Christians, Jews, and Pagans who are annoyed by them, to push them down wherever and whenever they see them, as they have a perfect right to do. But why should it come to such a pass?

PEDESTRIAN.

MANCHESTER SOCIETY.

WE remember a conversation which we had, not long since, with a fellow-passenger on board the Liverpool and Glasgow steamer. The gentleman was a native of the city of London, and during the course of our promenade along the deck of the "Princess Royal" he favoured us with a description of the city of Manchester. Amongst other items, he told us confidently that our smoky home consisted entirely of an immense assemblage of cotton-mills, interspersed with masses of squalid dwelling-

houses, that we had no wide streets, no public buildings, not a single warehouse, and scarcely a shop that was worthy of the name. On our venturing to insinuate that Manchester was the market for Lancashire, and was distinguished as a place where calico was sold, rather than as one where it was made, and that possibly the warehouses would, if counted, be found to be far more numerous than the mills, he assured us that we were mistaken: that not a single piece of grey cloth was sold here, and that all the warehouses were in Liverpool. We did not know whether to be surprised or not when our kind instructor further informed us, in answer to our inquiry, that he had never been to Manchester. Yet, he was an intelligent man.

Londoners have their own ideas about Manchester and Manchester people—ideas which no possible experience or argument can induce them to abandon. Conventional in most ways, they are most perseveringly conventional in their notions of us. Ignoring the march of time and the great changes which occur in a few years, they judge us traditionally. This is curiously exemplified in their estimates of Manchester "Society." To them we are to-day just what our grandfathers may have been years ago. They appear to regard us pretty much as did the Romans of the Declining Empire the yellow-haired races of the north. We are a host of conquering, money-making barbarians. Full of hardihood, enterprise, keenness, we eat our victuals ravenously, and kick each other's brains out. We nearly all wear fustian and talk a hideous jargon. We are savage millionaires,—manufacturing brutes. In our theatres we yell like madmen, and throw pop bottles at each other. In our concert-halls we beat time to Beethoven with our clogs. This idea of us was never more ingeniously expressed than when the philological Mr. Sala recorded, in that classical magazine *Belgravia*, his opinion that Manchester gentlemen were in the habit of swearing volleys of oaths in the Lancashire dialect, and "heaving" brick-bats at the heads of offending scribes.

It seems to us that, in general matters, Manchester society very much resembles all other English society. Thus, it is *not* in the habit of putting a steel knife half-way down its throat, or using its dinner-napkin as a pocket-handkerchief. It is not particularly distinguished for gorging itself with enormous masses of meat, or making a beast of itself with superfluous quantities of drink. It does not swear frightfully in the presence of its ladies, and its ladies are not more drunken then are the ladies of other towns—London not excepted. But when we examine details, we find that it has its peculiarities. In some respects it is unlike all other society. Taken as a whole, it, in some of its parts, appears to justify the adverse opinions which are expressed concerning it. It is, however, a very varied society, composed of several classes, which are still as distinct from each other as would be oil and water if placed in the same bottle. Perhaps it is because representatives of some of the least refined types are *per se* amongst the most prominent members of the community, that strangers carry away such unfavourable impressions.

For instance, there is in the first place the Risen "Society." We do not use the phrase in any invidious sense. It is the characteristic, perhaps the boast of the city in which we live, that its "society" is composed almost entirely of men who have risen. We employ the term simply because it is the most convenient which presents itself at the present moment, and will serve our purpose of classification. It is peculiarly appropriate to the people to whom we apply it, because the most distinctive feature about them is that they *have* risen. There are "self-made" men who wear honours and use wealth with such natural grace and dignity, and such modesty withal, that we could easily imagine that they have been "to the manner born." Not so with the Risen "Society." It is especially composed—let us say—of people who have accumulated great wealth by diligently selling beer or pork pies to the multitude, or making shoes for the million. It is in relation to the occupation that we observe a characteristic of the society in question. There is to attempt here to conceal the source from which the wealth around was gained. On the contrary it is obtruded upon you; you are continually reminded of the small beginnings which laid the foundation of the opulence you are invited to behold. You are almost lectured on the subject. If you visit a member of this society you will find the appointments of the house and table to be as near perfection as possible. The silver may, perhaps, be a little too massive, but everything will be there that should be there, and the various courses will be served with an elaborate completeness. You will no doubt, during dinner, hear a little of the dialect and possibly may be entertained with one or two very broad jokes. But you will have no influence or weight at all in the conversation unless you represent plenty of "brass." By "brass" is meant money; and no man has a title to the respect of the Risen Society unless he has plenty of that useful article. If, instead of having "brass" in your pocket, you have it in your face, you may by dint of persistence keep from being snubbed into silence. Otherwise you had better hold your tongue, and eat your dinner.

The Risen "Society" is not represented only by retail dealers. Great merchants may be found in its ranks. It has various grades, distinguished by a greater or less degree of "brassiness." At the better end it tapers off into people who only make awkward mistakes. Space does not permit us to treat all the grades separately. So, merely hinting that the younger scions of the Risen Society are chiefly conspicuous for the eccentricity of their apparel, and for their habits of lounging in remarkable postures in church and chapel, we pass to the Mercantile Religious Society. Here again we must beg to arrest judgment while we explain our terms, which are sufficiently broad to cover more than we mean. Perhaps a better phrase would be, the Mercantile Professedly Religious, or the Mercantile Very Professedly Religious Society. This section is the dullest of all. It is chiefly distinguished for its pride. That is because it is religious. It is very proper, and pompous, and overbearing. Its conversation is not necessarily low, but wearisomely commonplace. It imagines that it possesses a divine right of patronage without patronising. It is not an educated or well-read society, but knows something about etiquette. If a man is wealthy and a chapel-goer, he is "received" with open arms, but if a man is ever so much of a chapel-goer and not particularly wealthy, he is as a stranger, even though he sits in the next pew for years; and should he at any time be guilty of a civility in the shape of passing a book or some similar action, he is rewarded by a stare which freezes the very marrow in his bones. The only exception made is in the case of the parson. He, poor man, is "received" in various ways; sometimes as though he ought to be very glad that his receivers continue to pay his salary, but more frequently—that is if he has a will of his own—as a sort of lion. He is the only man who is supposed to possess reading, learning, college-knowledge in the company, and it therefore frequently happens that he is so pampered and petted that he also falls down and worships the golden calf.

The last section which we can notice is, the Good or Socially-Pleasant "Society." After all, this section is not a small one, but it is necessary that a man should live in Manchester, and not merely visit the city, if he would become acquainted with it. It includes people of many occupations, and in the receipt of large and small incomes. The only credentials required to gain a man admittance to it are, that he should be a gentleman, and that his company should be agreeable. Hospitality is a characteristic of Man-

chester Good Society. We once heard the thing described in this way—"There is no other society into which a man can so easily gain admittance: and there is no other society from which he will be so summarily expelled, if he prove shimself unworthy." The idea which holds the whole together is one of mutual pleasure. Men are acquainted, not because they have the same worldly position, but because they are pleasant to each other. Your true Manchester man likes to enjoy himself, and, as a rule, he does not permit prejudices to dictate to him. Hence, your educated Manchester man is influenced in his selection of companions by his tastes alone, and will begin a friendship in a railway-carriage, and invite an entire stranger to dine with him.

It will be seen, from the foregoing examples, that the various classes of people which make up Manchester Society, closely resemble classes which exist in other towns, and even in the metropolis. But, in one respect, we are pre-eminent. As we have already indicated, we are a new people: a short time ago we were scarcely known at all, and our history was an obscure one. It is to the peculiar energy and enterprise of the modern Lancashire character that our surprising growth is to be attributed. We are self-made, and, whatever we have done, we have thought out for ourselves. We have not merely copied our fathers. What is true of our public, is also true of our private life. A Manchester man has usually a reason for everything he does. Hence, if a native is rude, and offensive in manner, you may safely conclude that he is the same by nature; while, on the other hand, should he behave courteously towards you it is because he feels so. This is more perhaps than can be said of more polished communities.

OUR NEW ORGANIST.

I ATTEND a Church where they have, what is called, a full Cathedral Service. The choir is a voluntary one, and addicted to singing out of tune, though happily unconsciously. The members, however, make up in zeal what they lack in ability, and attempt with equal confidence, though not always with equal success, the most difficult and the most simple music. The Rector is not musical and has one singular peculiarity. The only sounds that move him are those of the violin. No matter whether in the drawing or concert-room—at the sight of fiddler he makes a clean bolt—and I believe his subsequent symtoms are very distressing. In spite, however, of this absurd failing, he takes a great interest in the singing, and is very anxious to have an efficient choral service. His wishes in this respect are fully shared by his congregation, and he receives special encouragement from the wealthy Miss Acres, the lady who pays for the washing of the choir surplices, and writes the anniversary hymns.

Well, a few weeks back the music was very unsatisfactory. There were loud complaints on all sides, and the choir, had not, by any means, a happy time of it. Once it was proposed to get rid of the boy trebles, and supply their places with young ladies from the congregation—a proposal that was warmly approved by all the men choristers. But as the ladies who could sing wouldn't, and those who would sing couldn't, the suggestion fell through. To get out of the difficulty it was deemed desirable to make a victim of the organist. It was suddenly discovered that he was deficient in taste, that he played tunes everybody knew, and that he was altogether behind the age. The Rector's lady declared he had no soul, the muscular curate that he wanted go—which latter quality, however, he acquired with his notice to quit. Only one individual, I fear, regretted his departure, and that was the blower. He had enjoyed easy times of it, and was, apparently, impressed with the notion that the next organist might take it out of him. We, of course, advertized for a successor to Mr. Slope, and in a few days were deluged with applications, all more or less modest in their professions, and accompanied by the usual instalment of trustworthy testimonials. Amongst such a number it was difficult to select, and so it was arranged that Mrs. Short, the rector's lady, should choose one candidate; Miss Acres another; and Mr. Tomkins, the churchwarden, a third; and it is curious to note the motive that seemed to influence their respective choices. Mrs. Short preferred the applicant who was willing to provide his own blower (he had nine children), and teach in the Sunday school; Miss Acres, the young gentleman with Ritualistic tendencies; whilst the irreverent Tomkins chose his man because he had been informed he could sing a good comic song!

Each competitor was to accompany an entire service, and, strange to say, the last was the successful one. Of the ability of the first we have no means of judging, for just before going to the instrument he got a telegram, informing him his wife had been delivered of twins—a piece of intelligence that so affected him that he was quite incapable of playing, and an amateur had to take his place. From the Ritualist great things were expected, but they were hardly realized. He showed great execution, but had an unfortunate habit of slipping off his seat, and was constantly breaking out in wrong places. Some persons charitably hinted that he had imbibed too copiously of the spirit before the service, but Miss Acres attributed his mistakes to an excess of devotion. The churchwardens' candidate carried everything before him. "Why," said Tomkins, "he's a genius. Did you ever hear such playing?" I candidly confessed I had not. It certainly was an astonishing performance. Some play on the organ, some with it, but Mr. Hurricane can do both. His concluding voluntary was a descriptive fantasia of his own composing. What it was descriptive of I can't exactly say, but before he was half through with it the blower had fainted, and has since resigned. But it was in accompanying the psalms that he most distinguished himself. In the simplest chant he would introduce the most wonderful variations, and at the words "Hailstones and coals of fire," he produced a conflagration so natural that the singers complained they were almost suffocated; whilst in that convulsive effusion, "The strain upraise," from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, he went through the whole range of natural phenomena, and alarmed quite as many as he delighted. In the line "Thou jubulant abyss of ocean cry," he burst forth into a frenzied effervescence that almost took my breath away, and which was certainly quite as intelligible as the words themselves. Nothing indeed comes amiss to him, from an earthquake to a fog signal. But his especial excellence is lightning. He communicates a sort of galvanic shock to they keys that startles you almost as much as the electric fluid itself. It is, of course, a little trying to the singer, but then, as the gentleman says, we must not consider personal convenience when the interests of art are at stake.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HOUSE FLY.

By Musca Domestica, Esquire, Senior.

I HAVE reached the autumn of life. The time when action is necessary to happiness has passed, and I have learned to love repose. I spend much of my leisure in the study window—a bright oriel, with a southern aspect—and, as the day declines, nestle in the luxurious depths of a morocco chair that stands on the right side of the fire. Literature seems natural to age; partly, therefore, for amusement, and partly for the benefit of society, I have determined to write this present history, which, I venture to think, will be found at least as impartial as the treatises on theology, art, law, science, trade, commerce, and physic that fill the shelves of my favourite apartment.

I will endeavour to begin at the beginning. Of my father and mother I have no remembrance, for they died almost immediately after my birth. There is reason to believe they were a gay, thoughtless couple,

Who squandered all their summer whilst 'twas May.

Fond of long excursions, and heedless of the admonitions of more experienced relatives, they persisted in believing the sun would shine for ever, and that winter and rough weather were mythical fables. Surprised by an early and severe frost, they soon became chilled and

benumbed, and had barely time to throw themselves into each other's arms and commend their helpless offspring to the care of Providence when lethargy rapidly deepened into coma, and coma into death.

My first impressions are rather confused. Something I dimly remember of the pain and difficulty I experienced in my infantine efforts to escape from a sort of cradle in which I was confined, but whether placed there for safety or from mere custom it seems impossible to ascertain at this distance of time. It is but a childish fancy, still I never see a chicken pecking, kicking, and fluttering in order to get out of his shell but I think of the early struggles I have tried in vain to recall.

Though still a mere baby, the events of the next few months are strongly stamped on my recollection. I was dressed in white, and being blessed with many legs, crawled merrily about with my brothers and sisters. Under no kind of restraint, we wandered where we pleased. Our appetites were insatiable, and we devoured with desperate energy every kind of animal matter that came in our way. The house in which we lived, though mean, was warm and comfortable, and full of odours more sweet and refreshing than I have ever since inhaled. It was surrounded by lofty walls and ranges of buildings, in which lived four or five gigantic animals that I subsequently learned were called horses. With what horror I used to feel a terrible bird—who always made such a noise at sunrise that further sleep was impossible—scratch and tear at the straw on our roof. With what delight I was accustomed to gaze on a great yellow machine with glass windows and blue curtains that was built upon wheels, and was washed and rubbed till my heart quite ached for its sufferings. Since then I have lived in the gay world; have used the carriages and horses of my friends as freely as if they were my own; and have looked with loathing, if not contempt, on the miserable dung-heap I once thought a grand mansion, and in which I have spent so many happy days. I soothe myself, however, by the reflection that I am not the first who, fluttering in good society, has been born in a garret and bred in a kennel. My childhood did not pass without dangers and anxiety; yet these were like dewdrops on the summer grass. In my wanderings, malignant beetles—believed to be evil genii of our race—would peep at me till their antennæ quivered and thrilled with the intensity of their blood-thirsty anticipations. When such rencontres took place I literally fled for my life. Possessing prudence beyond my years, I never strayed far from the narrow passages that led to my private apartments, where these evil demons could not follow; but so great was the terror they inspired that for days afterwards I scarce dared to move.

About this time, several awful events happened in the family. My favourite companion, one of the finest young fellows I ever saw, far stouter and stronger than myself, lost his appetite, spirits, and activity, and in spite of all my efforts, moped and moped from morning till night. Gradually his form and aspect changed, till at length, I solemnly declare, I should not have known him. So great was the increase in size, that I fancifully imagined I saw only the walls of his coffin, and that the brother of my love, lay dead and cold within. Now, as I sit in my easy chair, and gaze at a handsome mummy-case that stands in the corner, I think how much it resembles the shell or husk that I dreamed might enclose the friend of my childhood. Like yonder remnant of antiquity, he, poor fellow became before his death, wonderfully stout and clumsy about the head and shoulders, which gradually became carved—much after the same pattern—with strange lines and mysterious spaces, whilst his feet tapered almost to a point, and resembled the similar part of the painted box, that once, perhaps, contained a Pharaoh. I have dwelt at some length on this fearful metamorphosis, because, as my first great sorrow, it left an indelible impression on my mind, and subsequently, such events occurred almost daily in our circle, till the dead became more numerous than the living.

One morning towards the end of April, I awoke with a sense of indescribable oppression. As the day advanced the feeling of languor and prostration deepened. I became almost incapable of motion, and felt as if turning into stone. Life seemed stagnating in every vein, and I crept into the warmest corner of my dwelling. Familiar objects faded from my sight, and I slept. The trance must have been a long one. When consciousness returned I found myself on a broad flat stone, and heard a beautiful little girl say, "poor fly, you have just opened your eyes on an untried world. Let me place you on the window-sill. If you remain on the steps some one may crush you." Tenderly, her slender fingers lifted me. The summer sun shone with a delicious warmth. New life seemed dancing in my veins. I intended to crawl, and was terribly frightened at finding myself flying through the air towards a paradise of trees and flowers, such as I had never seen till that moment. An unexpected blow on the head precipitated me to the ground, for between myself and the bright landscape a transparent invisible barrier existed. It was my first experiment with glass, and I respected it ever after. I was indeed changed. I was no longer a creeping denizen of earth, but a gay, winged, fairy-like, creature, free as the birds and happy as the day. I could not rest, but sang and flew till darkness hid the ineffable beauties of creation from my sight. I was in love with all things, and admired in particular a pearly, gauzy veil that lay spread between the mouldings on the ceiling. Some instinct held me back for a time, but the more I gazed the more I admired. At length I approached and touched it with one of my feet. Timidly withdrawing it, I felt myself ensnared, and beheld with horror a brown ugly monster that seemed all eyes rushing towards me. With a despairing effort I wrenched myself free, and barely escaped the clasp of a pair of long lean arms. To the last day of my life I shall remember the rage and malignity that flashed from the eyes of the would-be assassin.

A few days later, whilst walking round the chair in which I now sit, I beheld the most lovely object it is possible to conceive. There stood a delicate creature, with a fair dark face; the sides of her head pencilled with yellow and black stripes, with small bronze-coloured feet, and wings like the rainbow. I knew she was a being like myself: I wooed and won her; she was my first and last love. I had pined for a companion—a kindred spirit to share my new-found happiness—now I had found one, and life was, indeed, a long summer's day. In due time she presented me with a baby, a white, quiet little thing that never cried, nor moved from the spot where its anxious mother placed it. The stupid old gentleman at whose house we were staying said flies were a nuisance, and their eggs an abomination. How I hated the unsympathetic wretch, and how I plagued him by crawling over his thick bald head till he tired himself nearly to death by polishing his skull with a red pocket handkerchief. "Ugo Foscolo was right," he was wont to say "these horrid animals are one of the three miseries of life."

But I must hasten on with my story. My dear little wife had at length presented me with one hundred and seventy-nine pledges of affection, and as she fluttered gaily around me, promised to make the number two hundred. I was not pleased as I ought to have been. I thought matters had already gone far enough in this direction, and I wished her ———. A sharp buzz of pain startled me from my fit of moodiness. Merciful Heavens! the malignant demon that had so nearly devoured *me*, held my darling in his grasp. He looked at me for a moment, and seemed to say "your turn will come next;" then lifting his victim, as if she had been a feather, passed with hurried steps over his frail ladder, and I saw her no more.

Grief, combined with the early autumn frosts, broke my spirits and enfeebled my strength. I am not the fly I was. I no longer eat of the sweet and drink of the strong, with the relish of former days. Yet, I have little of which to complain. The house is unusually warm and well-ventilated; the cellar is unexceptionable; the cook excellent, that lady having taken the highest honours in soups, entrees, and sweets her University was able to confer. I never visited where there were children, nor saw juvenile *savants* pull off any of my friends legs, or snip bits from their wings, in order to ascertain the precise use of a plurality of members in the animal economy. On the whole, mankind has been generous to me, and I dedicate this treatise to society at large, in token of the many benefits I have received at their hands.

I proposed to myself to enter at length into our anatomy—a subject that can only be treated with sufficient delicacy and precision, by one of ourselves—to have glanced at our sports and pastimes, as well as to have entered into some details of the unrecognized benefits we confer on the human race. But the chilliness of evening creeps through my frame; the fire sinks low, and my head is confused with my task. Perhaps, on some fine day, I may renew the theme.

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PROGRAMME.—PART I.

Overture....."Zampa" .....Herold.
Aria....." Ah Fors' è liu" (Traviata).....Verdi.
Waltz....." Soldaten Lieder" .....Gung'l.
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Song....."Orpheus with his lute." .....Sullivan.
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PART II.

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Solo Cornet, on airs from "Beatrice di Tenda" ..Arban.
Air....."Tell me my heart"..... Bishop.
Waltz...."Beautiful blue Danube" (by desire)..Strauss.
Quadrille..... Hibernian (on Irish airs).....Jullien.
Song..... "Marjorie's Almanack"..Sainton-Dolby.
Galop....."Champagne".....Lumbye.

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THE SKUNK.

[MEPHITIS HUMANUS].

THIS animal—the ordinary human skunk—is a more curious than attractive segment of the wide family circle of skunks. The species is distinguished by peculiar and disagreeable odours, and the variety under notice is no exception to the rule. But the odour of the *mephitis humanus* is not one to affect the organs of smell; it ranks among the moral effluvia, and as certain things are said to shed an odour of sanctity, and others to diffuse an air of respectability upon their surroundings, the skunk (human variety) may be described as ejecting a fetor of unseemliness and derogation over every possible person, place, and thing, within reach of its baneful influence.

This unlovely specimen of natural history will put himself to trouble to help an enemy, if by so doing he can work a covert injury on one who, in the ordinary course of things, would be considered a friend. The skunk has no friends—only acquaintances. He annoys these with unpleasant attentions for a time, and then, after ruining them for respectable society, will work them an injury, insult them grossly, and hate them for kindnesses done. The skunk is only grateful for prospective benefits, and when he fails to forget a service rendered—which, to do him justice, he rarely however does—he classes it along with the few other unpardonable injuries he has to seek revenge for. Therefore it is better to work the skunk an ill than a good, for, as he compasses his ends in an underhand way, and will trip a man in the dark in preference to knocking him down openly, it is well to be somewhat even with him, but it is better to avoid him altogether. The odour of the skunkdom is infectious, and the society of a skunk leaves its mark on many an undeserving victim.

The skunk is not necessarily of idle habits or of dissolute appearance. Seedy habiliments are not necessarily an indication of skunkery. Indeed, the skunk often attains to an evil maturity and garments of cost simultaneously. Nor are outwardly objectionable signs inevitable. The skunk often appears eminently respectable, and there are degrees of skunkdom as there are degrees of comparison. But, the least repulsive skunk is still a skunk and repulsive, and he is to be the more dreaded for his shiny veneer of respectability. The low skunk you may easily avoid and quietly despise, but, the respectable skunk is shunned with difficulty, and needs to be thoroughly hated rather than to be treated with easy contempt.

The skunk will endeavour to destroy a wife's beautiful belief in her husband's superiority; a husband's touching confidence in his good lady's utter devotedness; will kiss the maid-servant the moment her mistress turns away—though Mary Jane may be as modest and sensitive as a born lady—and will make diabolical faces at the baby when nobody is looking. The skunk can only preserve his incognito when his features are in repose; the contortions and wrinkles of skunkdom are certain as the Hall mark on a silver spoon. But it is a necessity with him to be a chronic hypocrite, and he thus acquires considerable facial command.

The skunk will sit at table, eat and drink copiously, and next day traduce his entertainers in most flagrant fashion. To put his legs under the prandial board of an unsuspecting host and store up detraction, from the soup down to the celery, and from the celery to the sillery, and from the dining-room to the door mat, is what the skunk cannot help doing. When the skunk feels as if he had been in danger of perpetrating a gentlemanly action he makes Mistress Skunk—poor soul—wish herself dead; even to be in everlasting torment, given only Mister Skunk's absence. He does this, and curses himself and his ancestors, footpads, sheep-stealers and all, justly proud of them though he may be, and goes to bed with a solemn resolve to be more guarded in future, and keeps it.

The odour of the skunk is an equal compound of meanness, malice, cowardice, and cunning. He is motivelessly mean, malicious without cause, a natural coward, and a cultivated trickster. His meanness is shabby meanness; his malice is tinged with idiotcy; he is cowardly at all times, and his cunning is second-hand, third-rate, and self-deceptive. If the skunk were not so utterly contemptible and unsavoury he would be improved out of existence, but the proverb about touching pitch is always remembered by those who come into contact with the skunk, and he is left perchance to work some end in Creation's scheme beyond the ken of common honest intelligence. There are many kinds of vermin crawling over this curious old cinder, the Earth, besides the *mephitis humanus*.

THE VEGETARIAN BANQUET.

WHAT will become of us under the new mania for extending the negativing part of the Decalogue? It bids fair to become a social twentylogue. The teetotallers began by telling us that we oughtn't to have a glass of beer, and they have been followed by the Alliance people who tell us now that we must not, and that they will try to prevent us having it, willy-nilly. Improving on the idea of converting the bacchanalians, some people of tender nerves conceived the idea of putting a stopper on the tobacconalians and prohibiting smoking, declaring that there was no compulsion, only you must. Now "must" is a word unpleasing to English ears, and the tone adopted by these negoes is not much calculated to win our regard. The most recent notion is "war to the knife," that is, to the butcher's knife, which is swiftly to become a superfluity, for, according to the latest "tip," we are all to become imitators of Nebuchadnezzar and eat grass like the ox, and be classed with the graminivorous animals.

The Vegetarian Society advertised their annual dinner to be held at the Trevelyan Hotel one day last week; we applied the day before for a ticket, but this seemed to be an unusual request. There were no tickets. We must come early and it would be all right. There was a suspicious vagueness about the matter, so we did not prætermit the ordinary half-past one repast, and before the appointed hour of six, presented ourself as one having a capacity for a banquet, one of vegetables at least. The affair had become unexpectedly popular. All the seats were not only taken but occupied, and there was a momentarily increasing crowd filling the landing and the staircase, which ultimately increased to nearly fifty ladies and gentlemen, as they are called. A dark little man, clad in the usual costume of a Dissenting minister, bustled in and out, and pacified the besiegers by saying that he had arranged with a number of "parties" inside, that they should vacate their seats as soon as they had partaken of the repast, in order to make room for the extra number, for whom a fresh supply of materials would be furnished from below. We were relegated, therefore, to the smoking room downstairs, and we made, during the next hour and a half several ascents up the stairs, to ascertain our chance of being admitted. At last, after a short detention in quarantine, on the subject of "the ridiculously small sum of eighteenpence," we were ushered in and took our seat at a table like that of the ordinary school tea-party, when we had arrived late at one of those feasts of reason.

We asked at once for the bill of fare. A weak-minded waiter replied that there wasn't any. Seeking superior aid, we summoned one elder in the craft, but he also said there were none, and hadn't been any of all ev'nin'. "How are we to know what to have?" was our enquiry, on which he steamed off, and soon returned with a teapot, coffee-pot, and milk-jug, and his assistants brought bread and butter in *tartines*, and slabs of currant bread. We can always do

with tea, if it is anything like, so we had some which would have been good if it had been hot, and our friend brought us a dish of som thing like potatoes *à la maître d'hotel*, only cold, and having slices of hard boiled egg interspersed and flavoured with finely chopped parsley and thin shavings of gherkin. It was a curious thing to eat to tea and bread and butter, but was not to call bad, precisely. Next succeeded a dish of mashed turnips, with butter and cubes of carrot therewith, also cold. To the former dish, there seemed a little turkey and sausages wanting, and the turnips seemed a blank, without the inevitable boiled mutton; but what would anyone say to a dish of very nicely-browned, fried, sliced potatoes, and not a vestige of a steak, ever so small, to eat with it. It was a mockery, that small steak and chipp'd potatoes *without the steak*, and to be cold also! If this be their dinner, we should say with the immortal *convive*, "Waiter, bring me supper!" But there seemed a little uncertainty as to what to call it. The advertisement said dinner; on the stairs, we heard it spoken of as a tea-dinner; and inside the banquet hall, it was plainly tea.

The meal, or repast, or whatever it might be called, being over, for we could not discover or hear of any other dishes, the tables were cleared, and a few mangy but not catable apples and pears were handed about. Almonds and raisins seemed very plentiful, and an old lady opposite kept thrusting a dish of them before us, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. We chewed almonds until we coughed with the grains in our throat, and then took to eating raisins to get them down, until our teeth ached again.

At length the chairman rose—Professor F. W. Newman—a man whose life has been one long protest against public experience and the settled judgment and conviction of the best informed men upon nearly every question of the day. He told the munching and guzzling throng that there had been hitherto far too much eating and drinking; that Englishmen had been too long accustomed to consider a hearty meal to be one of the legitimate rewards of long and severe labour; and, in short, pronounced an unconscious satire upon the subject he had undertaken to advocate. A converse of Balaam, he had come to bless but he cursed them altogether. To him succeeded a maundering old Scotchman, bearing an unfortunate likeness to the Mayor *in posse*. He gave a prosy account of the "conversions" he had made, and spoke hopefully of "the cause" as an advancing one. The bulk of the company seemed to consist of a man with his mother or aunt, his wife, two or three children, and a stray visitor or two. Indeed the women and children formed two-thirds of the assemblage. Harmless imbecility would best describe the men from (and including) the chairman downwards. Is it possible that he is the brother of the famous John Henry? The features say so, clearly enough, but the words, alas! that

> Brothers in blood and nurture too,
> Aliens in heart so oft should prove.

There did not seem to be anything more of interest. One nonentity after another rose, said his little say, and subsided, and the toothless old dame—we saw why she could never make anything of a broiled steak—became so tiresome with her almonds and raisins that we were obliged to escape.

What on earth is the meaning of all this rubbish? If a man wants to return to a state of barbarism, and eat the roots of the earth and the cauliflowers of the field, cannot he do so without going about jactitating of it? These vegetarians use plenty of butter and milk, and eat eggs by the dozen or the "long hundred." Do they think they would have cream or butter if their lacteal friend could not produce the tender veal, and be herself afterwards retailed at immense profit by the flagitious butcher? Or do they think that it is the sole province of the barn-door (or the back cellar-window) fowl to lay eggs and retire until tired nature winds up her peaceful existence? These good folks would serve society better by banding together to keep down the price of butcher's meat, by constantly and resolutely instilling the cry of lower prices into the ears of the dismayed butcher.

We paid eighteen-pence for our "banquet," and though we did not get much, we found that little to be sufficiently "filling at the price."

[HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.]

ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST.

MORTE BAY.

DEAR SPHINX,—That notice of Ilfracombe which you recently gave to your readers recalled to my memory an incident of a brief sojourn there, which perhaps you will forgive me for recording.

Diogenes and I had been loitering about the picturesque old fishing town, now climbing the long narrow street of white houses, gay with all the motley throng of a fashionable watering place, now sitting in the sunshine on the high ledges of the Capstone Hill, or wandering among the fairy caves of that wonderful shore. We had loafed about the queer little land-locked harbour, and smoked our pipes with handsome bronzed fishermen on the quay, which lies snug between the precipitous cliffs of the headland of Hillsborough and the rock upon which is perched the weather-beaten chapel, dedicated in old days to St. Nicholas, where the fishermen's wives were wont in stormy weather to pray for their husbands at sea. Here we had heard from old salts stories of the perils of the coast—of nights of tempestuous weather, when the sea drove up over the Capstone and through the harbour into the town, bringing the sleepless inhabitants into the streets, fearful for the safety of their house-roofs. We had heard, too, of Morte Bay—the Death Bay—lying a little way to the south, one of the most fatal places for mariners on all the western shore. Curiosity to get a peep at this place, so full of fearful interest, prompted us to select it as the object of our first walk beyond the borders of the town. Our way lay by the ancient church which stands among green knolls at the southern extremity of the town. Wandering here for a while among the graves, we came upon many recording tales of shipwreck. Noticeable, however, was one bearing no inscription or record a nameless mound of grass, with a simple cross cut from the branch of a tree, with the bark still upon it. Speculating upon what might be the history of this simple grave, we left the churchyard, and passed through narrow, sandy lanes, such as you see only in Devonshire, with high banks and overhanging bowery hedgerows, out on to the breezy, sheep-clipped, swelling downs,

> Where sweet air stirs
> Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze
> Buds lavish gold.

Skirting the coast (whose marvellous beauties of form and colour only Kingsley or Ruskin can adequately describe) with the expanse of Exmoor lying beyond intervening valleys on our left, we came to a little creek running inland, known as Lee Bay. The road passes across the end of this bay and clinging to the rock above the sea, is a white cottage. Further in among the green fields and copses, are other white cottages. Passing beyond these, still along the coast and through shady lanes, we went, and after a while, struck upon the higher ground towords a promontory named Bull Point at the edge of Morte Bay. Here we found ourselves among a trackless wilderness of gorse and fern, the haunt of myriads of rabbits. After rambling for a while we came suddenly upon a man clad in velveteen and corduroy, who carried a gun under his arm. He was a rough, half-poacher looking individual, with a countenance by no means prepossessing. With him we entered into conversation regarding the object of our journey, receiving answers marked by a peculiar Devonshire politeness, which contrasted strongly with his appearance. Telling him that we had a strong desire to see the Morte Stone, the Death Stone, as the Normans named it, he told us that it was a reef running out into the sea, not visible from where we stood, and only to be seen by a long and troublesome clamber over the rocks towards Morthoe. This being so, we were content to stay where we were, looking over "a chaos of rock ridges with below us the sullen thunders of the unseen surge," and listen to what he had got to tell

us of the perils of the bay. He lived hereabouts and had seen many a shipwreck, scarcely a winter passed without them. There was a strong current inland from the channel, irresistible as the Maelstrom, and if a vessel got within the influence of this its fate was sealed, sucked into the crescent rock-bound shore it must inevitably be dashed to pieces. Many a time he had seen ships from Spain so destroyed and the waters of the bay covered with the golden orange fruit. Was Lee Bay so dangerous in this respect, we asked? No, he replied, though there were sometimes wrecks there. One he remembered well. On a Sunday a vessel had been seen beating about in rough weather all the day. On the morrow it was found driven up high against the road across the bay with all its crew drowned. There was a cottage at the edge of the shore, which perhaps we had noticed as we came along, a light in the window of this it was supposed had been mistaken by the sailors for that of the chapel or lighthouse of St. Nicholas, on the rock at Ilfracombe, and they had run their vessel upon the shore and so perished. "We buried them," said he, "in Ilfracombe church-yard, and placed a wooden cross over the grave. This was the grave respecting whose history we had previously speculated. Of another wreck in Morte Bay he told us the story. He had stood upon the shore in a terrible storm, when the waves were running forty feet high, and had seen a vessel drive in on the reef and split up like matchwood, all the crew going down with her. One man he had watched who had got the cabin steps, and with his arms through these was held up among the waves. Once they broke from his grasp to be regained again, a second time he lost them and a second time he secured them, and so on for several times, until they parted from him for ever and he was drowned. "I never go down to that shore," said he, "without seeing that man struggling for his life; the sight of him haunted my sleep for long after." We parted from our friend, hoping he was not one of those wreckers so notorious hereabouts, for as Mr. Kingsley says, "they are wild folk these here, gatherers of shell fish, and laver, and merciless to wrecked vessels, which they consider as their own by immemorial usage, or rather right divine." So we turned our backs on Morte, which, as the Devonshire proverbs says, "is the place on earth which heaven made last, and the devil will take first." On a later day we saw it from the sea as we sailed by from Clorelly to Ilfracombe, seeing this time also the dreaded Morte Stone, and the grey cluster of houses and the church of Morthoe standing in wild loneliness upon the rocks above the wreck strewn shore.

A Bohemian.

THE REV. MR. KIRKUS AS A CHURCHMAN.

It is a year or two since we first saw Mr. Kirkus. We had heard of him as a new "sensation" of the Congregational persuasion, who had been recently imported from London to fill the pulpit left vacant by the departure of the Rev. Watson Smith to Wilmslow. The new preacher was spoken of as a novelist, an LL.B., and a theorist. It was said that he was startling the intellect of Longsight by a display of strange ability, by a daring freedom of opinion, and an unfettered utterance of thought. One Sunday evening we visited the Longsight Chapel, and we remember seeing a little man behind a pair of spectacles, who did what parsons don't often do—stand up in the pulpit and sing with the congregation, accompanying the tune with the motions of his head; and then, at length, began to preach in a fiery, excited, screaming sort of manner, emphasizing or rather hammering every word until our head began to ache, and our ears to ring, and passing from one thought to another, until we wondered what on earth had become of the text, and where we were all going to.

We neither saw nor heard of Mr. Kirkus for some time after. Then a rumour reached us that the union between the reverend gentleman and his congregation was not, as the saying is, "a happy marriage;" they did not "liker seem to grow," but rather the reverse. This sort of thing frequently happens, especially amongst Congregationalists, and usually leads to a divorce. It would often happen in the Church and end in the same way, if the nature of things permitted it. These differences of opinion between shepherds and their flocks is somewhat peculiarly a modern spectacle. In the olden times priests and people quarrelled about doctrines. In these days the causes of severance are less dignified. In the primitive ages the prophets and the apostles were "men of God." In these latter days they are in the eyes of the congregation "but men." Even in recent times the pastor or the minister has been an object of love, and his followers have spoken of the good man with reverence. But, nowadays, congregations are small societies, in which are various cliques, wheels within wheels, and opposing forces. Whoever imagines that a congregation is simply a company of fellow-worshippers led by a teacher, knows nothing about the internal life of such a community. A congregation in a church is more like a little earth in heaven, than "a little heaven on earth." It has its grades, its rivalries, its vanities. The parson has his friends and enemies, and all are christians. Is this the fault of the shepherds or the silly sheep? After hearing that Mr. Kirkus had preached a "farewell sermon," or, as the play-actors would say, taken his leave of the Longsight stage, we were not surprised to read in our *City News* that the reverend gentleman had been received into the bosom of M other Church, such being the usual consummation under similar circumstances. The same thing is frequently done. Of course many people think these events are instances of rather sudden conversion; but parsons appear to understand each other. To us it makes little difference whether a preacher be a Churchman or a Dissenter, provided he be a true man.

It is a trite but true saying that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. If any dweller at Old Trafford or Longsight, will ask himself how much he knows about Cheetham Hill, he will find its truth exemplified. The other Sunday we walked along Cheetham Hill Road without anything like a definite idea where St. Mark's was. We passed the dark tower of St. Chad's, and wandered beyond the glories of St. Luke's, and still to our repeated queries received the reply "Excelsior." At length, when we had travelled to a point distant about two miles from the Exchange, we heard the ringing of a bell, producing a mournful sound like the swaying of a poker, pendulum-wise, in an iron tin-kettle, and, turning down a street to the left, beheld the edifice of which we were in search. St. Mark's is a brick structure in the Methodist style, and is just about as ugly as a building can be. It stands in a melancholy grave-yard on the side of a hill. The grave-yard is paved with flag-stones, on which are inscribed the names which once belonged to the bones beneath. There are numbers of those heavy table tombs, which look like small hearses with the wheels off. One of them covers the remains of a man who departed this life, after a career of successful usefulness, described in a lengthy epitaph. Another presses on the body of a child who died at the age of eighteen weeks. When you arrive in front of the church, a glance through the open door leads you to believe that the magnificence of the interior will make amends for the outside. Right before us was a stained window, from which were reflected the beams of the sinking sun. But, on entering, the place subsides into an ordinary square-looking meeting-house, with galleries on three sides. In an archway at the end of the nave is the sanctuary, the corresponding space at the extremity of the aisles being occupied, on the south side by an organ placed sideways, and on the north by a vestry. In front of the recess thus formed are two pulpits, looking like a pair of huge wooden candlesticks. They are not placed close to the corners of the chancel, but in such a position that, while the table is visible, the minister who is reading at the table, is invisible at his own side of the church. Above the table is the window already referred to.

An apparitor led us into a square pew, fitted with crimson cushions, and left us to our own reflection. We began to speculate what it was

that induced people to go to church on Sunday afternoons. It is difficult to realize that an excess of devotion can be the cause. As a rule, congregations don't show sufficient signs of devotion in other ways for that to be possible. Yet, to go to church three times in one day as a fashion merely, and especially to go just after dinner, looks like taking a deal of trouble for fashion's sake. On the afternoon in question, judging by the amount of work the apparitors had to do, a large proportion of the people present had come, like ourselves, in answer to advertisement. Altogether there was a tolerably large gathering. Presently, some young men and women, and some boys who looked like singers, but were not robed in white, being dressed, as it were, anyhow, took their places on some forms which were placed in parallel lines, two rows on each side of the space between the pulpits and the altar railings. The little boys occupied the front seats, and stared at each other, like two battalions about to engage. A little while after, some one began to play the organ; then an apparitor went into the vestry, and returned followed by an elderly clergyman in a surplice, Mr. Kirkus also in a surplice—bringing up the rear. The elderly clergyman went into one pulpit, and Mr. Kirkus took his place at the table behind the other.

The organ having ceased, the gentleman in the pulpit gave a look round at his assistant, as if to remind him what he had to do, and then we heard Mr. Kirkus reading out a hymn in what young ladies call an "impressive" manner. The singing was very sweet. Then the elderly gentleman read the prayers and lessons. He seemed anxious to please, and we sympathized with him. There was an anthem, which, this being the choir's benefit Sunday, had no doubt been got up with especial care. It was done in this way. A young man stood and sang something. When he had had it all to himself for a little while, the other singers began to bob up, like the wooden hammers in a piano-forte. Then a sort of contest took place between the two opposite bands. We thought at first that the party on our right would have the best of it, seeing they were backed up by the organ; but presently, a loud deep voice came to the help of their antagonists and turned the tide of battle. After this, came some singing by the boys and women, which was most effectively sweet; but, when the performance was ended, we hadn't the faintest notion what it had been all about. Not one solitary word had we been able to distinguish.

The service finished, Mr. Kirkus read out another hymn, and then went into the vestry to change his dress. Returning in a black gown, he entered the vacant pulpit. The reverend gentleman chose for his text the first eight verses of the twelfth chapter of St. John's Gospel. He is a bad reader. Whether it is with the design of being "impressive" or "beautiful" or not, we do not know; but he has a trick of raising his voice at the end of each sentence, giving thus a sentimental twang to his rendering, which completely spoils the passage. In preaching he appears to us to have improved. We thought we detected a slight want of confidence, a hesitancy of manner, which was at all events better than the screaming emphasis which characterized his style on a former occasion. But he still hammered as if arguing rather than teaching; and when he asked ironical questions, he had a way of answering them with a feminine shake of the head, as much as to say, "Oh, dear me!" As a composition the sermon was far above the average; but it did not reach us. Listening to it, we felt as we do when we read what is technically termed a "manufactured" poem; we could not tell precisely where the fault lay; we only knew that we were not moved. The effect was the same as that produced by a painting in which the colouring and drawing are correct, but which is still not a picture. Perhaps the fault was in ourselves. Grasping his theme in a comprehensive manner, he demonstrated the necessity of *love* of Christ, if a man's life is to resemble the Master's; and presenting the passionate generosity of Mary, displayed in her lavish bestowment of the precious box of ointment, as an example to his hearers, exclaimed that this age, of all ages, was not a time for Christians to be lukewarm in their devotion—"this age," said the preacher, "when the leaders of science declare that they can believe no longer." We agree with Mr. Kirkus, that we live in a sceptical age, but it is not from Science that Christianity has suffered. All the great experimental philosophers of this century, who alone represent true science, have been Christians. Theories and theorists may mislead, but from the progress of Truth no truth can suffer. It is from the hands of her friends that Religion has received her worst wounds. Mr. Kirkus has entered a church in which there is a sad want of men of ability, but a far sadder want of men living earnest, devoted, and consistent lives.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

DISCONTINUANCE OF THE SPHINX.

WE have to announce the discontinuance of the *Sphinx*. As at present arranged, the number in which these few words appear will be the last. The *Sphinx* has been an attempt to provide for Manchester a literary and critical journal of a high class. How far it has proved successful in this sense we prefer to leave to the judgment of others. To prevent possible misrepresentations and misconception, we think it desirable to state that all rights and interests in the journal and its title have been vested in the proprietors of the *Manchester City News*, to whose columns most of the writers of the *Sphinx* will from time to time contribute. It only remains for the Editor to record his grateful sense of the able and devoted services rendered by the gentlemen who have so long been associated with him—some of them for a period of nearly five years—and in their name and his own to bid the readers of the *Sphinx*—farewell.

ACTORS AND CRITICS.

A curious example of the perverse way in which actors will persist in regarding both the praise and censure of critics, is afforded by a recent advertisement of Mr. Rousby's. This gentleman publicly thanks the critics for the cordial reception they have given his wife. This is like a prisoner thanking the judge because he is acquitted. What option has the critic in the matter? None whatever: and he should no more be thanked for praise than blamed for censure.

MISS ROSE COGHLAN.

Idly turning over some of our back pages we discover that this young lady is not quite the stranger to Manchester that we had supposed. We find that she appeared in that dreadful drama, the *Odds*, and that on the previous occasion, as on this, she wore men's clothes. Even through that disguise she seems to have displayed the dramatic capacity exhibited in her present acting, and we then expressed a hope that we might have the opportunity of seeing her in other parts, which is now partially fulfilled.

AT MR. DE JONG'S.

It is abundantly evident that Mr. De Jong's Promenade Concerts are going to be a success; but we do hope, they will be a success socially, as well as a success pecuniarily. It will be a pity if the element of snobbery, which distinguishes other concerts given in the same hall, marks these concerts also for its own. Already, the promenade, which gives the title to these entertainments, is reduced to infinitesimal proportions. There is next to no promenade at all; and hardly a score of bonnets relieve the sombreness of hats. It will be a great mistake, if the ladies allow these promenades to become forbidden places. It is to be regretted, that a uniform price cannot be adopted all over the building; for so long as one place is the cheapest, that place will always be regarded as the lowest, and no place for ladies; and so long as another place is the dearest, snobs will always be found to go there, even if they can't hear half so well, or feel a quarter as comfortable. We suppose graduated prices are found to pay best, and therefore, are adopted; but the fact that there

are higher prices for the same performance seems to be the only reason why it is not the proper thing for ladies to promenade at De Jong's, while it is the height of fashion for them to do the identical thing at the Botanical Gardens, at the identical price. If all the forms that obstruct the centre of the promenade were swept away, and a party of ladies had the moral courage to adventure into the shilling part, and the promenade became a reality instead of a delusion, the public would score a still greater success than Mr. De Jong.

THE KNUTSFORD CHAMPION CUP.

A simple little county court case tried at Altrincham the other day, is being thrust by an athlete or two into a matter of national importance. Mr. Sidney Crowley, a gentleman whose achievements in the athletic world we have several times had occasion to record, appears in print twice in the correspondence column of the same issue of one of our daily contemporaries, and spurred apparently by friends to make a martyr of himself, endeavours to announce both his success and his discomfiture in other fields as well. Mr. Crowley brought an action for the Knutsford Champion Cup, and lost it. Mr. Crowley says he won the cup: Mr. Crowley's adversaries say no cup was offered, so he couldn't possibly have won it. We can't pretend to decide so momentous a question; but we think it is a bad day for amateur athletics when their prizes become bones of contention in courts of law.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A LADY'S NOTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—So much has been written on one side of this *Merchant of Venice* controversy, that for the sake of fair play (for as you will soon discover I am no controversialist or partizan) I venture to submit to you, Sir, some opinions upon the other side. Perhaps my thoughts upon such a subject may bear some tinge of my profession, but I imagine that many persons besides artists will agree with me in thinking that it would be through under-setting rather than through over-setting if ever the *Merchant of Venice* should fail of adequately impressing and satisfying an æsthetic mind.

As to certain play-goers, whether they be old or young, or middle aged, I would remark, with all deference, that I know some very good dramatic critics in Manchester and elsewhere who have seen very few plays. It is possible, indeed, that this vaunted play-going—by which I mean founding too much upon what is seen on the stage—may have a tendency to vitiate true criticism. I think it is to this habit that I should ascribe the prevalent mistake of imagining that the *Merchant of Venice* is anything else than an enchanting comedy. Mr. Calvert has done something towards exploding this error, and, so far as I know or have read, he is the first manager who has attempted anything so decisive in that direction. The play, as we now see it at the Prince's, seems to me to be typically as fine a comedy of romantic life as say *Much Ado about Nothing* is of high-class society. To borrow a term from the studio, "composition" has been restored to the picture, and now that the balance has been readjusted, and the charm of proportionateness has reasserted itself, it will, I think, go hard if the painting cannot carry a more magnificent frame-work than ever Mr. Calvert has lavished upon it. Shakspere could never have intended that so much of his workmanship—here delicate, there gorgeous, everywhere costly—should be lost to our gaze, merely for the sake of allowing even an Edmund Kean to exhibit his preter-natural tragic powers, and to set a damaging example.

Shylock, amazing as is the character, and powerfully as Mr. Calvert plays it, is not everybody in the comedy; nor is the shadow he casts, dark and terrible though it be, anything more than a means Shakspere has used for drawing forth the marvellous quality that resides in contrast. The Jew and his awful lesson away (if so preposterous a deficiency were possible in such an artist as Shakspere) everything else in the comedy would lie basking in noontide splendour or be steeped in the radiant loveliness of that Italian night-time which Portia describes as "daylight sick,"—only a little paler "because the sun is hid." Of course this theory, which I am rather hinting than attempting to establish, might easily be carried too far. With that, however, I have nothing to do. But unless as a theory it be based upon something like truth, to what end has more than half the comedy been made up of the exquisite story of the Lady of Belmont with her "wondrous virtues" and her multitude of far-off wooers, who come

As o'er a brook, to view fair Portia?

or, indeed, what would be the need or the meaning of the fifth act at all?

By the way, the restoration by Mr. Calvert of this most delicious and most necessary conclusion of the play, must have been no less "disconcerting" to the gentleman who signs himself "Old Play-goer" than he confesses Mr. Calvert's mode of dressing Shylock has proved to be. Both are equally novel, and both should be equally surprising.

To my apologies for trespassing so much on your attention I would just add that I think it could be shown (and I should not be the first of my sex to have broached such a heresy) that it is Portia with her spirit of magnificence and her high-bred, airy grace, and not Shylock with his brooding sense of wrong, his fearful irony, and his inhuman revenge, who gives the tone to, and should therefore dominate the colouring of Shakspere's *Merchant of Venice*.—Yours truly,

Oct. 22nd. F. D.

MUNICIPAL RACES.

BY OUR OWN TIPSTER.

The programme for next week's Manchester and Salford annual meeting is nearly complete, and some good sport may be anticipated. There will be no contest for the two great races—the Mayors' Cups—which have been won three years in succession by Mr. Alderman Grave and Mr. Alderman Davies. These two gentlemen now retire from the Turtle, and the running will be taken up by Aldermen Booth and Barlow, who, we sincerely trust, may be found worthy successors of the two gentlemen who have so honourably maintained the dignity of the municipal sport for the last three years. Sir Jos, "by order," still continues Clerk of the Course, and a more efficient functionary could not be found. The old and absurd opposition to Sir Jos has completely exploded. Even Mr. Alderman Bennett is now enrolled amongst his warmest admirers, and backs him up at all meetings. On a late occasion Mr. Alderman Heywood made a futile effort to knock Sir Jos out of the betting for a Mining Race (with an unintelligible name), but it was not of the slightest use, and "Old Joe was knocking at the door" of popular favour before the alderman could get home to an early dinner at Throstle Nest. Death has been fearfully busy of late with turf magnates, and the Druid, Argus, the Exile, Mr. Blenkiron, and old John Scott have all succumbed. We hope, however, that the magnificos of the Turtle may long be spared, and that the new stables in Prince's-street may be inaugurated under the old regime, with Sir Jos acting as trainer as before.

Next week there will be several walks-over, but many of the races, both in Manchester and Salford, will be keenly contested. So many of the competitors are dark horses that we are not competent to describe them, and really know nothing of their qualifications. We may, however, glance at a few of the contests. To begin with St. Ann's Ward Stakes in Manchester, we find that the former winner, Whig-Radicalrumpus is opposed by the Tory horse, Morris Dancer. We have always found Whig-Radicalrumpus a good steady horse, with a fine temper, and we shall not desert him on this occasion. He has a very powerful confederacy behind him, and is backed for heaps of money. Morris Dancer's head-quarters are in St. Ann's-street, and, to use a phrase in vogue with our sporting contemporaries, his customers or supporters are

said to be "going for the gloves," which are always to be found of the best quality of kid, under, or near to, the tower of Canon Bardsley's church. Morris Dancer may be an excellent horse, and a good (church)-goer, for anything we know to the contrary, but we think Whig-Radicalrumpus, who has gone into the new stables at the top of King-street under the charge of Earl Granville, K.G., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is certain to win.

The Exchange Ward Cup, which was won nine years since by Mr. George Booth's nomination, Poetaster, is now to be contested by Mr. Middlehurst's horse, Toyseller. Of these two horses we know very little. The Water-works Poet is a bit of a roarer, and makes music wherever he goes. That rhyming race which he won over the Water-works Course was certainly a burster, and if it were not that so many toys and dolls are stuffed with sawdust we should think that his opponent from Deansgate would be certain to defeat him. However, if the Poetaster will promise us to make no further attempts in the versifying line we shall forgive him.

The Hulme and Ardwick Wards are likely to result in walks over. These races used to be fiercely contested in days gone by, but the burgesses have apparently had enough of it, and the veterans of former days have retired from the field.

Bill Scott's Brown horse, Soda Water, will again start for the Collegiate Stakes, and we are ready to back him against all comers. He has been well tried over the Highways, Health, Watch, and Nuisance Committees Courses, and can also go upon the new Asphalte Pavement. Bill Scott's Brown horse is certain to win.

Turning from Manchester to Salford, we find some most interesting races upon the card. First in importance comes Trinity Ward. The Judicious Bottle Holder of the Salford Tories is once more entered for this event. The Bottle Holder knows every inch of the course, and is certain to run well. Mr. D. Hall is so experienced a trainer that his horse is certain to come to the post in tip-top condition, and he will have the "benefit of clergy" to back him up. The Judicious will be opposed by the Radical clipper, Nephew to Colin. This colt, who cut a figure in the School Board Stakes, will run the Bottle Holder at weights for age, but he will find all his work cut out for him. Nephew to Colin has still a name to earn for himself, which he will assuredly do some day, although we do not think that he will defeat the Bottle Holder on this occasion. Nephew to Colin possesses all the staying powers of his uncle, and like that celebrated old "hoss," never knows when he is beaten. Colin was, in fact we may say Colin *is*, a rum 'un; indeed, judging from the beautiful meek-eyed Alderney cows which adorn his park, we should say a rum-and-milk 'un to go, and a good 'un to look at. Nevertheless, we cannot get over Mr. Dan. Hall's Bottle Holder, who, we take it, is bad to beat. "A Daniel come to judgment: yea, a Daniel!" I thank thee, Vandenhoff, for teaching me that word. Much, therefore, as we respect Nephew to Colin, we feel bound to say that the Judicious Bottle Holder will win on this occasion.

We cannot at present say whether there will be a contest for the Kersal Ward Steeplechase, over which course Jack Neversaydieson's horse got such a terrible gruelling last spring. Mr. Walmsley's horse will run again for this prize, and if we had ten votes we should give them all to him. Still we do not like the way he meets the Sunday question, for whenever he encounters that difficulty he invariably shuts up. If an ox or an ass falls into a pit on a Sunday, he will lend a hand to pull it out, or he will administer a dose of physic to one of his own patients on the first day of the week; but as for opening a library on a Sunday, he throws that sort of physic to the dogs, and will have none of it.

Mr. J. J. Wood's nomination will again run in the St. John's Ward Stakes. This horse is a good goer, and takes the Sunday leaps with the greatest ease. We understand that his colleague retires, and will not run this year; but, thunder and turf! by all that's wonderful, Joe Robinson's old White Horse, from Hanging Ditch, is coming out for this race, and, moreover, is heavily backed for it, by the Rich stable. Wonders will never cease. We understand that Mr. Robinson himself was not eager for the honour, but greatness has been thrust upon him. As the song says—

> In spite of all that I can say,
> They will have their own way,
> I cannot say them nay,
> Says Joe Robinson.

The old White Horse has left Hanging Ditch some time since, and has been out at grass at Kersal Moor. He is now as lively as a kitten, and is sure to render a good account of himself. As he has long been accustomed to run in public(s), the situation will not be a new one to him.

Such are a few of the races which will be contested next week. We don't profess to be infallible, but we have given our readers the latest tip, which they will probably find as valuable as the pretentious vaticinations of the sporting papers were about the Cambridgeshire on Tuesday last.

THE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

2. LANDSCAPES AND LOAN PICTURES.

As usual in provincial Exhibitions, the landscapes are very numerous; but there is little to be said of them, except that this year these are if anything more mixed than ever. There are plenty that show promise of future excellence, but we do not see the possibility of noticing them all without occupying undue space. The present article will therefore merely include such pictures as seem to deserve high praise, or such few as, coming from very experienced artists, cannot be passed without censure, and as few of this latter class as possible.

Two paintings by C. J. Lewis (88 and 174) do not represent him as favourably as might be wished. With great tenderness and delicate intention, they are marred by uncertain and scratchy painting. Their colour is good, and so is their composition, and with more solid and decisive execution they would be very desirable pictures. For similar reasons, though not exactly the same, the works of W. L. Wyllie fail to satisfy as they might; but in his case it is not so much an awkward manner of painting as incompleteness that prevents his pictures from holding a very high place among our landscapes. His colour is pure and simple, and his work always tells fresh and vigorous. *On the Sands, Long Island Sound* (4), by W. J. Hennessy, is in much the same key of colour as Mr. Wyllie selects, and in it the faults we have just mentioned are successfully avoided. It is quite the subject Mr. Wyllie would choose, and it is because of the different treatment it has received it is mentioned in this place. *On the Sands* is pure, grey in colour, and simple enough in composition for anything; but it is carefully wrought, though without over-elaboration, cleverness is nowhere substituted for certainty, and the result is one of the best of the "unimportant" landscapes on the walls.

The Italian Shepherd, by H. Measham (52), is so admirable as to the landscape which forms the background, that it is reserved for this notice, though it perhaps might more justly be classed with the figure pictures. Certainly the figure is good of itself, but the background is better. However the picture was arranged we cannot tell, but the figure and the landscape do not seem to agree with each other, which is all the more to be regretted for the reason that both are so very admirable when examined separately. Italian models seem to be in the fashion just now, but it is difficult to see in what way they are beautiful when adapted to purely English landscape.

Among the very promising landscapes in oil this year, is *A View near Tuxton, Hants*, (99), by F. M. Trappes. It is a quiet, well-selected subject, carefully worked out, very pleasing in colour, and modest in execution, and what is perhaps the more to be commended, very conscientious in drawing. But for conscientiousness in exactness there is nothing in the gallery to equal Miss Blunden's *Sorrento* (545), which is a model of laborious painstaking. It is unfortunately hung so low that its great merits cannot be seen without much discomfort, but it is most charming as far as it goes, and, with some further effort towards composition, would be a picture instead of what it is now—a very admirable study. A specimen of want of conscience or conscientiousness in art is the painting, *Fishing boats running for shelter of the shore*, by C. A. Duval (586). Mr. Duval has done such good work in his time, as a portrait painter, a painter of what are called "genre" pictures, and latterly of fishing boats in moonlight, that we cannot pass by this example without some expression of opinion. In many of Mr. Duval's sea pieces there have been signs of carelessness, but this time his picture is unusually unreal in effect and drawing. We can only ascribe this to the possible fact that after having painted so many seascapes under a moonlight effect, he has relied too much upon his memory. Of the water colour landscapes it will be sufficient to point out as deserving of high praise, H. C. Whaite's *Tal-y-cafn Ferry*, (323), and J. C. Moore's *St. Peter's from Monte Mario*, (272), and to say that the other usual exhibitors are effectively represented as in former years.

The loan pictures, which form so important a part of this exhibition as far as artistic merit goes, may be very shortly described. They are, for the most part, of a very high quality of art, though none are so great as to make needful any qualification of our opening remark, that "there is no one picture deserving the epithet monumental." The nearest approach to greatness is *Francesca di Rimini*, by G. F. Watts, which, like all the artist's works, is noble in design and beautiful in colour. But, even it is hardly important enough to give any key of grandeur to an exhibtion. *The Open Window*, by the same painter, is very charming as a matter of course; but again, it is not sufficiently representative to make an effective mark in the rooms. *Come back*, by Briton Riviere, (568), is a very pathetic picture, beautifully painted, and exceedingly well designed. Of a very different kind of art is *The Standard Bearer* (3), by Meissonier, which is, as usual, a marvel of workmanship on a very small scale, and certainly more interesting for that than for any remarkable beauty.

We have no sympathy with E. M. Ward's work, and therefore merely say that one of his very important pictures, *Dr. Johnson in the ante-room of Lord Chesterfield* (43), represents his usual manner. Very fine in every way and extremely interesting, is the original finished sketch of *John Knox preaching before Mary*, by Sir David Wilkie (41); and beautiful in its seriousness of design and execution, is *Faust and Marguerite* by G. Koller (158). Of all the landscapes lent this year *Bourgival on the Seine*, by — Rico (95), is, though not carried very far, by a long way the most perfect. For bright truthfulness and exquisite colour it is the most delightful picture in the exhibition. *Corrie-na-Creich*, by J. McWhirter (601), and *Goring Loch*, by A. W. Hunt (604), represent two opposite styles of English landscape art. The first a wild, rough, mountain and rock scene; the last a gentle lowland pastoral, and a quiet river with soft reflections and a picturesque lock, under a soft shimmering summer sunlight. Both are admirable in their way. *Fete Dieu*, by E. B. Bellecour (80), and *Preparing for the Fete*, are very similar in feeling and colour, are both very beautiful works, and exhibit marvellously honest and masterly painting.

We will conclude with two cattle pictures; *Cattle in Repose* by C. Troyon (45), and Spanish *Donkey and Foal* by James Ward, R.A. (74.) No two styles could well be more unlike that of the modern French and the old English painter; and yet, each are most charming, though for opposite reasons.

In conclusion, we can only hope better things some future day. What the exhibition would have been like but for the collectors' generosity, especially Mr. Fox, it is too dreadful to imagine. One picture we intended to notice has been omitted, viz., the *Mushrooming* by David Cox (83), which is the one worthy companion to Rico's Bourgival.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

AIR—"The Thorn."

For some tea, from the sloe, my cheap grocer requested
An order his books to adorn;
"No, by heavens!" I exclaimed, for his coffee
I'd found was but high-roasted chicory and corn.

Then he sent in his bill, begging hard for the money—
The post brought it early one morn—
But my discharge from the court I then showed him,
And also that I could laugh him to scorn;
"No, by heavens!" I exclaimed, "for good coffee
I'll pay you, but never for chicory and corn."

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,

ANCOATS.

Some years ago, we were asked by a young lady canvasser for a donation to a fund for placing a stained-glass window in St. Andrew's Church, Ancoats. In reply, we offered to subscribe towards bringing a congregation to it first, for we had visited the place no very long time before, and found it all but empty—a "deserted church," in fact. We were assured, however, that we should find an improvement, if we would go and see the church again. Which also we did, and have kept up some kind of acquaintance with the place since.

Some time in the reign of that pious prince, George the Fourth, money was voted by Parliament to the amount of a million or so, to build a few additional churches in populous places, and with some of this money—£16,000 or thereabouts,—St. Andrew's was built. Manchester had also had other slices of the fund, out of which, were built the Churches of St. Matthew de Knot Mill and St. George le Barracks. Who the architect of these sacred fanes was, we don't know, but should feel inclined to quote for his epitaph,

Lie heavy on him earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Stone enough was used in St. Andrew's to have built three good-sized churches, and money was partly spent and partly wasted on it, sufficient to build and endow three roomy churches such as are built now. But the wiseacres who then had the management never thought of providing any endowment or a fixed regular stipend, taking it for granted, apparently, that people would rush in crowds and fill the the church and parson's pocket simultaneously. The people don't appear to have rushed, however, and whatever may have been the financial position in the early age of this church—which dates from the remote period of 1831, when there was a small cotton and iron aristocracy living not far off who frequented the church, it became in a dozen years or so, a living which was no living—a self-de nying ordinance rather—no salary, but an uncomfortable home.

For, to make matters still worse, if possible, St. Andrew's began to labour under the suspicion of orthodoxy. Mr. Dugard, who had been the first, or, at all events, an early incumbent of the church, went to Durham for the morsel of bread which was not supplied in Travis-street, and another and another still succeeded. Mr. Willock, another incumbent, deserted Ancoats for the Canterbury Settlement, and Mr. Wray, a son of the old Canon who had introduced the chanting of the Psalms in the Cathedral some years before, trained and surpliced Manchester's first voluntary choir here, and having, after a fashion, suffered martyrdom therefor, he also departed and went. In those days Thomas Clegg arose, likewise a Bishop of Manchester, and the Rectory Division Act, whereby, or by reason or means whereof, the Deans and Canons were fluttered in their Corioli, to say the least of it. The Canons were reduced, as to all successors of them, to the miserable pittance of £600 a year, and given to understand that whenever "anything happened," as they say, to the incumbent (for as yet rectors were not) of St. Andrew's, or to him of

St. George-le-Barracks, or of Campfield, or to the military provincial grand of St. Philip Pepper-box, the next Canon must take the first dispastored church, and serve it as best he might, and so on of the others. Mr. Wilson was the first to have one of these mill-stones hung round his neck. He soon succumbed, poor man, and Mr. Richson, who had been clerk in o rders at the Cathedral, was made a Canon and entered upon St. Andrew's with vast flourish of trumpets, his own being blown with remarkable clearness of tone and precision.

Canon Richson has been in the habit of asserting that, in taking St. Andrew's, he was led thereto by his own mere good will solely, and that it was not an indispensable addition to his canonry, or any condition of his elevation. He has reiterated this so frequently that by this time it is probable he has come to believe it himself. It is also probable that he is the only person who does or ever did believe it. We have, however, all our little weaknesses, and as this was, practically, a harmless one, it was considerately overlooked, especially as he seemed willing to go into training, and do "good work." When Canon Richson came to St. Andrew's in 1855, there was a congregation of about twenty-five persons, including half a dozen Sunday-schoolites. The inside of the church had not been painted for years. The pews were of the old high straight-backed sort, and the whole was in a moderate state of dis-repair and dirt. The late Mr. John Young Caw, of the Manchester and Salford Bank, had been churchwarden for several years, and had probably paid out of his own pocket what money was absolutely necessary. An active curate was engaged; another, with a taste for poor people, was added; the parish was rooted into, and the residents in it looked up; old members of the congregation were sought after, and in part brought back; new ones were attracted who were set to work according to their taste or capacity, and the whole thing was made into something like a going concern. The huge east window, through which the morning sun had glared painfully into the eyes of what congregation there was, by some means got filled with stained glass, and a carved stone reredos was erected in the chancel, the ground floor was fitted up with comfortable pews, and the whole interior was cleaned and decorated. The adjoining schools were also enlarged and filled with scholars, under new and competent teachers, and the church in no very long time was tolerably well occupied by a permanent congregation.

All this could not, of course, have been done without money, and as Canon Richson was at that time something of a public man, enjoying a certain amount of popularity, he opened half-a-dozen subscription lists for various objects, and attacked his rich acquaintances with one or other of them, according to their specific hobbies or vanities. The education-monger was besought for bricks and mortar, as well as for benches and books; the bigot and the broad churchman were equally approachable on the subject of painting and new pews; the low churchman and the high each provided things after his kind; and the Unitarian who conscientiously objected to contribute to the fund for paving the street, on the ground that it led to a church, was reminded instanter that it also led away from it, and was made to disgorge accordingly. The new-comers were transformed into committee-men, honorary secretaries, and even churchwardens, and if a person refused or neglected to do anything, he was turned into a teacher, and imprisoned one day in every week, with hard labour, in the Sunday school. It was impossible for all this to have been done without very considerable trouble and care on the part of Canon Richson. He certainly worked hard at it, and, *more suo*, used large quantities of "butter." But "butter" suits these works, whether it is laid on with a bread-knife or a trowel, and the money so procured is at least as scentless as that obtained by young ladies exhibiting their personal charms at a bazaar stall. The end, however, was attained. The church was made clean, warm, and comfortable, and it was filled as it probably never had been before. The schools were occupied not only by day, but, during winter, by night as well, where a night school for boys was established under the imposing title of a working men's college.

The pace had been too severe, however, to last. Many a horse that will gamely overcome all obstacles in a steeple chase, soon tires to nothing on the flat. There was nothing more to do and they did it. Canon Richson, now "the rector," instead of consulting the wishes, or prejudices, if you like it better, of the congregation, as he formerly so wisely did, began to keep aloof, preached only occasionally, and left the Sunday-school unvisited by the year together. The folks naturally began to drop in at other places of worship, having no mind for the tender mercies of a couple of fresh curates. Moreover, the younger portion of the flock were now grown up, and having seen St. Alban's, and heard of "processionals" and other marvels, began to want the march to be a little more in accordance with what they considered to be the times. To these, gently suggesting, came words of reply that from lay lips would be deemed uncourteous to say the least, and the youths who had been hid, like the Lord's prophets, by forty at a time, in a back room in the Sunday school, having long legs, and heads by no means unfurnished, employed the latter to carry the former somewhere else, having been, in fact, invited to do so by the remark, that if they didn't like the church they could leave it.

Canon Richson is now away from Manchester, living *en retraite*, and scarcely likely to do much, if any, more work in this world. But he did for St. Andrew's what probably no other man in Manchester could have done, and did it according to the light that was in him. When a man, without family influence, has raised himself from comparative obscurity to a good position, either in the church or the world, he is often unmindful both of the arts whereby he rose and those who helped him to rise; but such a man, though he may wound some, does good, unconsciously perhaps, to more than they, and this we may at least say of Canon Richson. St. Andrew's has been, moreover, in its day, a sort of school of the prophets. Mr. Brendon, the first curate under the new order of things, brought a fresh mind and a good constitution from the Cornish shore. To natural qualities of a high order and a rare charm of manner he added the unspeakable influence of a life of simple purity and personal holiness, which might be known and read of all men. To his companionship Mr. Allen, now Rector of St. Michael's, was ordained to St. Andrew's, and was succeeded by Mr. Elvy, now a Minor Canon of Manchester. Another, who received his ecclesiastical education at St. Andrew's, was Mr. Holland, since known as an indefatigable explorer of Palestine, one who is now considered to know as much about every nook and corner around Mount Sinai as Mr. Allen knows of every winding court in his parish, from "Gibraltar" to "Scotland."

We had not visited St. Andrew's for some time until a recent Sunday found us there. The church was clean and bright, the choir sang well, and the congregation though sparse was respectable, but of the parsons—oh, dear! There was a mild curate who comes, according to the indispensable oracle, from that hive of students St. Bees. "Out of the eater came forth meat, out of the strong, sweetness;" when will the latter ever have its converse, and enable us to say, out of the sweet came strength? Mr. Rudd, the curate in charge, is of a fair countenance, but he is mild to an almost Ansonian melancholy and tearfulness of tone. A young deacon, whom we should have supposed from his youthfulness, was at school here, preached the sermon, and of all the bumptious young Levites that ever crowed, this certainly beat everything. This youth, with scarcely the down upon his lip, lectured the fathers and mothers of the congregation about the management of their children, even from infancy, and rated them in good set terms for their (supposed) shortcomings. We could but think of the earliest curate, Brendon, now lying under the shadow of the Cross in a village churchyard in Devonshire. He was one of the very few "saints" who appear at long intervals on this earth, and, but that we would not that the echo of a whisper should disturb his rest, we should that morning have often sighed —Oh, for one hour of Saint Brendon.

THE END.

BRITISH MUSEUM 2 DEC 89

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Doors open at 6 45; commence at 7 30.

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Holders of Gallery Tickets for these Concerts will be admitted at the Peter-street entrance at a quarter past six o'clock, and holders of Body Tickets at the usual entrance at the same hour. The doors will be open to the general public at a quarter to seven precisely.

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Complaints having been made of the inconvenience of the Entrance to the Gallery Stalls in South-street, Mr. De Jong begs to announce that, on and after the 4th proximo, he will Reserve an Additional Portion of the Gallery, so that the Gallery Stalls will extend to the Main Entrance, and stall ticket-holders can then enter by the Gallery Door in Peter-street. For these additional stalls subscription tickets will be issued for the remaining Twenty Concerts at Two Guineas each.

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THE LAST FIVE REPRESENTATIONS
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Oldham (Clegg-street)	5 53	9 2	9 40*	18 4	12 11½	7 2	
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Ashton (Park Parade)	5 59	8 54	9 59*	17 7	12 6	6 9½	
Guide Bridge	6 55	9 13	10 10*	17 5	12 3	6 8½	
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